

motive

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MAGAZINE OF THE METHODIST STUDENT MOVEMENT

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motive

for October



Courtesy, The Blue Network

A new world is aborning. In the beginning, the individual to meet the job must be created. Out of the stuff which is us, we must create the body, mind and person to fulfill the calling that is ours. The seed of the unborn future is within us, in our "souls." Herman Beimfohr of California discusses ways in which this seed can be planted for its most abundant growth and finest fruitage.

Immediacy is a word that crowds in upon our thinking. Yet there will be no immediate gain in creating our world if we do not have perspective. Some of the objectives for the individual are outlined by Radoslav A. Tsanoff, professor of Philosophy at Rice Institute, in his discussion of world reconstruction and the individual. . . .

Miraculous living is a possibility for all of us if we wish to discipline ourselves to a kind of life that will be powerful and effective. If we are to accomplish the gigantic task that is before us, we must learn new techniques of living. Thomas Kelly left the record of his experience and wisdom in his paper on miraculous living. . . . Someday we shall have religious laboratories where we will be able to test the validity of concepts as well as ways of living. By using the laboratory method, Allan Hunter gives us the results that have turned our "dreams into noble actions."

A small group of people met at Oberlin this summer to sit with Ralph Borsodi as he undertook to discuss concepts of normal living toward which men should strive. Donald Knoke discusses the main issues of the seminar.

What in this world do you want?

One of the surest ways to more effective living is to build a frame of reference for the ideas that will guide our actions. We may call this a philosophy of life. Thinking through to find such a philosophy is not easy, and few of us have accomplished it. Yet this vigorous mental job needs to be done. George New tells us how to work toward it. . . . Setting down a creed for our lives is a mental discipline that we need to achieve. President Kenneth I. Brown has set up a creed that may be an incentive for all of us. . . . Thomas Kepler begins his creed by declaring his belief in man.

The individual who has found himself and who has achieved the fullness of life that would make the new world is like a beacon light in the midst of darkness. On the "dark" continent, Albert Schweitzer has found himself and a pattern of life that Arthur Foote says is only a little lower than the angels. . . . In the construction of his life, Chaplain Sheridan Bell tells his children why he goes to fight in this war and what he hopes will be accomplished in living after the destruction is finished.

The returning men and women in service will be the new legions that may make a new life worth living. The whole problem of demobilization is now before us, and Gordon Chamberlin's definitive treatment gives us some clue to what our job will be. . . . Incentives for finer living! The Little Chap-Book compiled by B. Cumming Kennedy of the Pasadena Playhouse is a continuing feature which will give thoughts that have been culled from the world's greatest literature.

If our religion is to be effective in the future, it must meet and deal with the scientific method. Professor Hubert Frings of West Virginia Wesleyan meets the problem head on, and gives us a scientist's point of view.

Year of Decision

YEAR OF DECISION—For the men and women in service, this year will mean the beginning of the end of a part of life. It may mean a coming home. That it shall not mean that mentally and spiritually they cannot "go home again" will depend to a great extent on those of us who are at home. We face a new opportunity in every home and neighborhood. For the student in college, on the farm, or in defense industry it will be equally a year of decision. We are all closing another chapter. This, for us, must be a time of taking stock, of re-evaluation—but most of all, of looking at ourselves and our world with the perspective of Christians who are aware of their heritage and who wish to build more intelligently in the future.

First of all, let us decide that the task before us demands everything we have. No greater and more difficult job has ever confronted any generation. No amount of wishful thinking will do any good. Nor will mouthing empty phrases, however idealistic, mean anything. This, indeed, is a time for greatness, and a time for well planned and completely thought out action.

If we are to create a new world, we must begin with ourselves to build new strength and character along with our building of new homes, new communities, a new society and a new world. We must decide that nothing short of complete dedication to this task will be enough.

In this beginning, therefore, let us look to ourselves. As far as we can, we should know ourselves and our place in the scheme of things to come. What we are, our nature and our destiny, we alone can find out. No fortune tellers or fake psychologists can help us. Know thyself!—Again to this iron string every heart vibrates.

And in knowing ourselves, may we have the intelligence to know where best our capacities and our abilities fit into the construction of the world we must build. Let this be our calling—that we dedicate ourselves completely to the needs of society, that we fit ourselves as best we can to fulfill those needs, and that we join our fellow workers in a new cooperative effort to build as brothers in a new order of Christians.

Toward these ends, **motive** will devote its pages this year. In a real sense, we have never felt more the gravity of our task or the greatness of our privilege. Only as the magazine becomes a companion on the way, a guide for persons who have already faced forward, and an incentive for higher, nobler living against all odds, will it have filled its purpose and justified its reason for existence. This is no time for pettiness and low ambition; this is, indeed, no time for personal gain and selfish aims; this is a time for calling all men of good will to creative tasks for the common welfare of all mankind everywhere.

The Seed of the Unborn Future

Herman N. Beimfohr

TO you who will see the close of the 20th Century—greetings! You will—most of you—on some star-studded night greet the 21st Century from your lover's-lane plane trip between Eurasia and Americanada, celebrating your 50th wedding anniversary by taking your grandchildren on an evening's pleasure-planet trip around the earth from dusk to dawn. That is, those of you will who survive the Third War—the War of Exhaustion. Your children will mostly be dead or in hospitals for the permanently handicapped due to their having been caught in the robot bombings of the major cities of America.

OBVIOUSLY, this glimpse is an imaginary picture. We may be certain of one good thing, however, namely, that the earth stands a good chance to be here A.D. 2000. The chance is good that those yellow pine trees you see which form the hair on the head of the mountain will still be resisting the breezes to whisper their music to ears close enough to hear. The good earth will still give sustenance to grass and weed which in turn will reciprocate for their lives by holding the soil in its place against winds and seasons. No pine ever campaigns against the oak and no oak ever gnarls at the leafy elm. Only earth's latest experiment, man, marches against its own kind. Yes, of one thing we may be sure, there is to be a sunrise on the planet earth when man shall walk up to the calendar of his own making and tear off December to gaze contemplatively on four figures—a two and three zeroes.

Men will celebrate the turn of the century; they will review its horror and its changes. What will they say? What can they say?

Strange as it may seem, I know now the words they will speak for they are in your hearts this moment, and in the hearts of your generation. You who will complete this century will write in living flame the fateful lines of history.

The 21st Century cannot be born, its birth cry shall not be heard until you have lived out your life to its bitter end. Its events, its scenes of happiness and joy, of suffering and frustration lie like seeds in your soul. The only future there is is in your souls. There is no fate that over-rides, no inevitability which cannot be diverted, no hopelessness which cannot be overcome.

This future is bound up in your determined purposes, your motives, your hopes, your deep dedications. No future can rise above the level of your loves. The germs of life are now dormant within the seed of your soul awaiting the sunshine of the love and mercy of God and the gentle spring rains from your fellow human

beings, so that you may burst forth to live out the hidden potentialities contained within you.

The only future there is is locked within you. What you purpose today will be prominent tomorrow; what you really want will be written all over the face of the future; what you love today will be lived tomorrow. No stream can rise higher than its source and no future can be better than the purposes, hopes and loves of each contemporary generation. The only future you have is locked within the seed of your soul. If this is true, how can you let it burst forth into growing life? The answer depends upon several questions.

WHAT do you really want your world to be like? What do you want the last half of the 20th Century to become? No game is over until the final whistle blows. Many a game is won in the second half regardless of the errors and bad playing in the first. Let no one say that a better cannot be played. What do you want your world to be like?

Your minds leap to an answer before the sentence reaches the question mark. "We want a world of peace," you exclaim with pain in your heart, remembering both friend and foe on foreign fields of battle. We want equal opportunity for men, regardless of their genes or their geography. We want economic justice, the right to work, the right to own some part of the earth's goods. We want to be free to speak our genuine convictions, to print that

On Herman Beimfohr

Herman Beimfohr is one of the fellowship of the professional religious leaders of the Methodist Student Movement. He has the inquiring mind. He is constantly on the search for new truth, and in addition to this scholarly bent, he has the happy faculty of being student-minded in his own attitudes. As he leads a discussion group he makes the participants feel that he is one of them in searching for the right answers and for the truth. Combined with all of this, he has the warmth of Christian friendliness. With an unusual educational and philosophical insight into the meaning and truth of the Christian religion, he makes his fine faith contagious to the students with whom he works. It is no wonder that a constant stream of young people come from his Wesley Foundations who are trained and committed to all kinds of service and vocations within the Christian enterprise. Only recently one of our theological seminaries took a poll among its student body as to what person or persons had influenced them most into the Christian ministry, and Herman Beimfohr easily received the largest vote. A similar poll of students in other professions would be equally revealing. In addition to his contact with students, Herman is a sound educator and a true churchman. Throughout the Southern California-Arizona Annual Conference and surrounding territory he has constantly maintained close contact with the parents of students, pastors, and other local civic and religious leaders.—H. D. Bollinger

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which pulses thru our brain, to bow the knee to whatever gods there be.

Yes, these things we want to be, a loftier race than the earth hath known, to spill no drop of blood, but dare to make the arts, the sciences and the humanities bloom on the deserts of the earth.

This vision of the future glorious, this the dream divine!

The future is alive within the seed of your soul. You are the focal point of two streams of family inheritance since man was set in families. Through thousands of years, from century to century, and from generation to generation, there has been passed on life which brings you to this date with destiny. You are here because of the care of thousands of your ancestors. You have been bought with a price. There co-mingles in your bloodstream the centuries of racial results. You hold within yourself originality, powers and potentialities which cannot be found elsewhere. The strivings, the travail, and the groanings of a million years of the creator's purpose converge in one quivering focal point of life within you. All the successes and the lessons of failures of the race combine to give you that which no other person possesses. The past is dead except as it lives on in you; the future is frail and frustrated, except as it finds its fulfillment in you this living moment. Will you keep your date with destiny? Will you release the seed of your soul?

You stand unsteady like a fledgling on the edge of the nest which has bred and mothered it. You feel the surgings of the centuries within your soul. The spring breezes of the world awaken your skin, teasing, alluring, challenging you to cease the uncertainty of quivering wings and set your pinions straight and strong into the blasts of a disillusioned and burdened world. You dare not, you cannot return to the egg from which you were hatched, to the nest that protected you. There is no way back. God has ordained that life must go forward or die. It is irreversible. He who is not getting better is getting worse. You can say "No" to God your creator, but if you do, you commit soul-suicide.

The earth's whirlwinds bite your face, stinging it as a warning of the fury of the center of the storm not far away. Your friend, brother, sweetheart, or father are caught in the death whirls of the cyclone. Your pain is by proxy, your heartache by hearsay. You may know of the making of the cyclones that tear up humanity by its roots. The silent smoldering heat of race hatred and prejudice, creating a rising air current; the cold, icy air of indifference and unconcern off the frozen wastes of spiritual mountain tops; coming together on some low plain of purpose to clash and whirl through the civilized world to lay waste its homes and houses, its loves and its lives, while greedy men make money by rebuilding in its path. If this storm has missed you by the skin of your teeth, be grateful to Almighty God. You are born for some moment of service, some life of lasting value. The seed of your soul may be saved for some solitary moment like this one when you will be called to be born again. The God of creation is gambling the last half of the 20th Century on you. The sunshine of his love lays its generating goodness silently on and around the seed of your soul sown within you for such a germinating moment as this.

Let the power of his love enervate your soul. Respond to the silent searchings of his self on your self.

This is the Christian's great moment; this is *your* great moment. Others played the first half of the game of the 20th Century; you are put in for the second half. It is your great moment. It is your date with destiny.

What will the chroniclers of the century say? The history of the last half is still within the seed of your soul.

Behold I stand at the door, and knock: if any man bear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him.

There is no better time, there is no earlier moment to unlock the door to the seed of your soul, and the latch-string is on the inside.

Behold I stand at the door, and knock: if any man bear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him.

*For know there are two worlds of life and death:
One that which thou beholdest; but the other
Is underneath. . . .*

*Dreams and the light imaginings of men,
And all that faith creates or love desires,
Terrible, strange, sublime, and beauteous shape.*

—Shelley, *Prometheus Unbound*

Prayer on "D Day"

TENDER and loving Father of us all, we lift unto thee hearts that are full of deep and wordless emotion. Some of us have sweethearts who are in France tonight—men whom we love, and to whom we have pledged ourselves in a brighter day somewhere in the future.

For them we lift our hearts in earnest and fervent supplication. Even as the bond of our love has held us in happier days that are past, let them tonight feel that spiritual oneness within us, as we reach across the miles of war-infested ocean and land to touch their weary hands at the close of this first great and fateful day of invasion. May they be lifted and encouraged by thy ever-present nearness, and through thee may we, the girls who wait, be given courage to match theirs.

Free our hearts from worry and undue anxiety, and place there instead, a light of faith, so bright and unwavering that we and those men we love and for whom we wait may have shed across our paths an inner light of faith that will dispell all gloom.

Forgive us the folly that has brought upon us this burden of war. For those of us whose sweethearts may not return, give us, O God, strength to meet the days ahead, and let us never forget the beauty of the love given to us, even in the dark hours of sorrow that may lie ahead.

Let us and let them, above all, never know bitterness, and let there be between us the strong beauty of patient waiting, deep faith, and unwavering love. Give us out of this a deep and sensitive wisdom to guide the men we love back to the path that they have had to leave, helping them to remember the real and noble living that is to be a part of our world again. We pray this in thy Name. Amen.

First Methodist Church

Miss Genevieve Terry
Cheyenne, Wyoming

Blessed Are Men of Right Will

Radoslav A. Tsanoff

An etching by Dier representing Beethoven's *Prometheus*

THIS is the year of decision on the battlefields of Europe and in the Far East. The victory of the United Nations will confront them with their supreme task, to achieve the right kind of peace. This is a year of decision in our country. At the November elections we shall choose the policies and the men that are to be America's share in the rebuilding of the world after the war. But in a very true sense it is also a year of decision for the individual, for you and for me. Though we may not write the official terms of the postwar settlement, yet we shall be the ones to determine whether democracy shall be realized in a fair and increasing measure, or whether dark reactionary clouds will again sweep over the world, to eclipse the promise of the new day. Here, then, is the challenge to democratic citizenship as a personal problem. How does this challenge confront us as individuals; how are we to meet it in the right way?

In peace as in war, we may survey the large overall situation in statistical terms and figures, but we may also perceive their concrete human significance. The tabulated losses in a raid or a battle may be comparatively light, but they are disastrous to the individual homes where the tragic messages from Washington arrive. So it will be in the postwar reconstruction. We cannot ignore its particular human aspects, in individual needs and problems.

Here at home will be men and women by the hundreds of thousands who have been working overtime at high wages to meet the emergency demands of the war in various industries, suddenly left without employment as the immense war-contracts are cancelled. How will they weather the crisis period of transition to peacetime

industrial production? And from overseas will be returning our fighting men, rightly expecting a decent livelihood in their country for which they have risked their lives. This economic aspect of the individual's problem after the war is the most immediate and pressing, and it points to other important phases, especially as they concern the returning soldiers. Multitudes of men, married often hurriedly just before going overseas, will return to their brides and newborn children. Not only the task of family support will confront them, but the more intimate problems of home building and child care for which they have not had the normal, gradual preparation. The right conditions of readjustment may help to strengthen their home loyalties and prevent family friction and disruption. A government payment or bonus will not suffice here. The soldier will demand the job to which he feels himself entitled. His general resentment, while overseas, at the well-paid but still discontented and striking industrial workers, might express itself after the war in a soldier-civilian cleavage. If this opposition should assume organized political form, it would threaten our national unity.

The returning soldier will have problems of his own. His years in the nation's service have interrupted his normal career. Especially have they cut short his training and education. How is he to take up where he left off? He cannot well spare the time for adequate preparation now, and meet his obligations to his wife and child. Despite the best will and loyalty, thousands of careers will have to fail of realization, and men of high ability will be embittered by frustrated purposes and stunting discontent. The industrial employment of large masses of

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women workers will further complicate these two problems of competition in the labor field and postwar readjustment in the home. The war experiences themselves will be a tremendous personal hazard to multitudes. Even the most normal person will find it a hard task to change suddenly from the bloody excitement of war to the routine of weekday schedules. The soldier's gruesome battle memories, we say, ought to become motives for his more resolute opposition to violence and brutality in any form, and his firmer devotion to justice and peace. But the furies of war are themselves infectious of lawlessness and violence. How is our society to engage these released impulses and energies in sound productive activities? How is the nation to regain, in its fighting millions, the thoughts and feelings and deeds of peace and forbearance, respect for law and justice, brotherly goodwill?

These problems, though more acute in the returning servicemen, yet confront us all. Just as we had to be indoctrinated and stirred into a war-mentality, so we shall need a re-education for peace.

WE know that Germany and Japan cannot be defeated on the field of battle, not really. After their military forces have been crushed, we shall have the hard and long struggle with resentful and unyielding peoples whose whole outlook on life will have to change before our world can have real concord. So it will be with us also. The ultimately important thing will be, not our victory in battle, but rather this,—what this war will make of us, the victors. What good will it be, to defeat Hitler in battle overseas, if his iniquitous purposes corrupt our own lives, if we in our turn become tyrannical Hitlers in the world tomorrow? That would be the most disastrous outcome of the war for us, our own spiritual disaster. Whether soldiers abroad or civilians at home, each one of us must be waging this war against injustice and greed, intolerance and hardness of heart. The major question today, we say, is, what sort of a world we shall have tomorrow? This means, what kind of people? This question must be answered today and tomorrow in our own lives.

We all know the old proverb, *where there is a will there is a way*. This does not necessarily mean that the right and resolute will can remove all obstacles. It means rather this, that without the right will, no mere way or device can prove fully effective. There is no real way unless there is the right kind of a will. Even the best laws and regulations will be of small avail, unless they have the free active support of the citizens. Rationing in wartime, strike restrictions, regulation of hours and wages, price ceilings: we know that they must all finally depend upon a loyal spirit of individual fairmindedness and social responsibility. Even so, in all personal relations, it is the right spirit that guarantees concord, not any mere scheme of rules and contracts, needed as these may be in their sphere. Likewise in international relations. Conciliation and cooperation among nations will have to make use of ways and devices, formal agreements and treaties and legal procedure. But these by themselves will remain deficient, unless they are supported by the right kind of resolute will.

THE truth of the Gospels rings today clear as a bell in the din of war throughout the world: "The Kingdom of God is within you." The kingdom of justice and peace and brotherhood is not here or there, not merely in some legal or political or economic framework, but first and last in the living motives of men and women. The soldier on the battle line knows this. The way in which he fulfills his duty is his personal act of loyalty, beyond any rules or orders. We here at home should also know and remember the same truth. We ask: "What can we do to achieve and maintain a righteous peace?" First of all, assure it in ourselves. This means a fairminded generous outlook on life. It means a refusal to accept calculated cynical selfishness as astute and realistic. We should recognize it for the stupid iniquity that it is. It means resolute championship of the Christian ideal as the truly realistic course, for individuals and for nations. How can we profess Christian democracy, and then be surprised or even vexed in our easy prosperity when someone suggests that faraway hungry people should also have some milk on their doorstep? How can we accept any alleged minimum of human poverty and suffering as irreducible and inevitable, and cite cold statistics to prove it? The good shepherd did not cite statistics, but went out to save his one lost sheep.

The enlightened conscience of mankind must convince and convert the greedy and the stolid to Christian democracy, to justice and generosity and brotherhood as the saving truths of life. That is today's challenge to the church and to the school, and the duty of every person of moral intelligence. If it is "every one for himself," then everyone is hindmost; the devil then takes us all. Has not this hard greed already refuted itself before our eyes in the smoking ruins of our civilization? You and I, do we perceive this truth clearly? Let us then act on it, today and tomorrow, in thought, word and deed, in home and in the classroom or the shop, at the ballot-box and in every other way where our mind and our will count. Subdue the impulses of greed and oppression and hardness of heart; reaffirm the opposite saving principles of humane living. This is truly the home front, where this war must be won before our victory can be real, and where the peace must be achieved if it is to be true and abiding.

On Radoslav Andrea Tsanoff

Dr. Tsanoff was born in Sofia, Bulgaria, studied at Roberts College, Constantinople, then came to America where he graduated from Oberlin College and received his Ph.D. from Cornell University. Since then he has been professor of philosophy at Rice Institute, Houston, Texas.

But don't get the idea that Dr. Tsanoff is nothing but a philosopher! He was a member of the Bulgarian delegation to the London Conference, he is on the board of directors of the Houston Symphony Society and the Museum of Fine Arts, and—just to prove that he has really adopted America—he is a past-president of the Texas Folklore Society.

His most recent book is *The Moral Ideals of Our Civilization*. Others have such complicated titles as: *Schopenhauer's Criticism of Kant's Theory of Experience* and *The Problem of Immortality—Studies in Personality and Value*. *Religious Crossroads*, *The Nature of Evil*, and *Pawns of Liberty* (the latter in collaboration with his wife) complete, we believe, his shelf of books.

Miraculous Living

Thomas R. Kelly

A Prayer by Thomas Kelly

O God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob, God of the lowly Nazarene, restore unto us the joy of thy presence and the glorious radiance of thy beauty. Teach us, thou inward teacher of our souls. Teach us to slough off our earthly, time-born pettiness, and walk in simplicity and lowly love all our days. Give us of thy cosmic patience. Blind us to discouragement and to anxious fears, that we may put our hands trustingly in thine, and become incarnate miracles of the eternal goodness breaking in upon a time-blinded world and a time-blinded church. Amen.

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For many fools do not make a wise man, and the crowd is doubtful recommendation for a thing. Yes, the larger the crowd, the more probable that that which it praises is folly, and the most improbable of all that it is any eternal truth. For in eternity crowds simply do not exist. The truth is not such that it at once pleases the frivolous crowd—and at bottom it never does. . . .

Eternally speaking, there is only one means and there is only one end: the means and the end are one and the same thing. There is only one end: the genuine Good; and only one means: this, to be willing only to use those means which genuinely are good—but the genuine Good is precisely the end. In time and on earth one distinguishes between the two and considers that the end is more important than the means. One thinks that the end is the main thing and demands of one who is striving that he reach the end. He need not be so particular about the means. Yet this is not so, and to gain an end in this fashion is an unholy act of impatience. In the judgment of eternity the relation between the end and the means is rather the reverse of this.

But to will only one thing, genuinely to will the Good, as an individual, to will to hold fast to God, which things each person without exception is capable of doing, this is what unites.

—From *Purity of Heart* by Soren Kierkegaard

There is a recovery of seriousness—that is, of the aloneness of destiny and of the mystery of individual calling, which made so much of the "character" of our American ancestry. Then, there is sincerity, which is closely allied: sincerity in the sense of an unwillingness

HAVE you ever seen a miracle? I have. Have you ever seen the water of ordinary human nature changed into the wine of divine creative living? I have. Have you ever seen men and women whose outer world was repellent, or tragic, or barren, or hopeless, yet who walked serene, triumphant, radiant, released, undismayed, living constructively, as if they were already in eternity, and drew not their encouragement from time? I have, we all have. Such persons have meat to eat that the world knows not of. Their secret of life is not outside of them, or around them, it is within them. In a rocky land, they have a well of water springing up within them unto eternal life. Are you such a miracle of radiant eternity lived in the midst of time? Am I such a miracle? Are we people whose lives cannot be explained by our environment, but only by saying, the eternal life and love are breaking through into time, at these points?

Protestantism has been passing through an epoch of belief in salvation by environment. We have tried to pull the strings of economic and political and social factors which influence the outer conditions of men. Much of our church effort, and much of our preaching has been of this sort, in the past three decades. And this is very important, for the crushing load of environment can blight and blast many a potentially great soul. But, fundamentally, the world desperately needs people who are rooted deeper than their earthly environment, who have a stability, so grounded, so deep, that environmental changes, so subject to the fickle winds of fortune, do not shake them. The time is here when we must get deeper than our external programs, of church activities in time, and recover the sense of the eternal order and the eternal love as underlying the whole of time.

And Protestants have been supposing that religious work consists in doing things for God. We have been the active ones, planning what we think are the logical consequences, in action, of the Gospel of Christ. And we have counted God the passive receiver of our offerings, our services. But the time is come when we must go deeper, and learn that God is the creative one, and learn that we are meant to be acted through. We must go down deeper, and discover, as a way of living, not as a belief, how to be pliant, how to be worked through by God, who has become a living, internal, dynamic deep within us. Then indeed we do become active, as never before, but it is an activity that is God-initiated. It seems strange to have to say it, but the dynamic center of religion is in God, not in us; the world is in His hands, not in ours; the center of creative living is in God, deep down within us as a lived fact, not in our heroic, Nietzschean efforts to live for him. Over and around and within us all broods an active love, a life, a presence, standing and knocking, in saint and in sinner, regardless of environment. To that dynamic persuasive love and life we would yield our own little lives and in bonded union with him be worked through, in joyful submission.

HOW can we get down deep into this creative center where the eternal love enfolds us vitally? What can we do to open the springs of eternity that are ever pressing at the base of our being, so that the amazing life of

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source

to use general terms and ideals without a close inquiry to what extent I am carrying these out in my personal conduct. It is the disposition to bring my ethical code into direct relation with my religious experience. And there is dignity, which results from resuming, by the individual, of that role which ritual allows to become specialized—that of the priesthood. In Christianity the goal is that every man shall be the minister to all, and every man the potential priest to all. But man attains his dignity only as he actually fulfills the function of priesthood, first in his own family and then for groups in which he may speak the reuniting word. This function has become difficult for the modern man and, I regret to say, for the modern Protestant as well as for others. But here Protestantism is false to its own deepest inheritance. It is its special mission to restore to our shallow lives the great qualities of seriousness, sincerity, dignity. And to do this it must renew its hold upon its birthright in the mystical spirit of the individual.

—From *The Mystical Spirit* by William Ernest Hocking

Secret of Strength

"David was in serious difficulties; the men spoke of stoning him, for their soul was sore, every man for his sons and daughters. But David relied upon the Eternal his God and took courage."

—I Samuel 30:6

Thus in the midst of busyness, double-mindedness is to be found. Just as the echo dwells in the woods, as stillness dwells in the desert, so double-mindedness dwells in the press of busyness. . . . Nay, the press of busyness into which one steadily enters further and further, and the noise in which the truth continually slips more and more into oblivion, and the mass of connections, stimuli, and hindrances, these make it ever more impossible for one to win any deeper knowledge of himself. It is true that a mirror has the quality of enabling a man to see his image in it, but for this he must stand still. If he rushes hastily by, then he sees nothing. . . .

—From *Purity of Heart* by Søren Kierkegaard

Wrong Technique

Among the major reasons why social progress has been so slow is this fact, that men have *drowned their miseries in drink* instead of putting their wits to work to find out how to cure them.

—Durant Drake, *The New Morality*

Liberty

If liberty be regarded as a social ideal, the problem of establishing liberty must be a problem of organizing restraints.

—L. T. Hobhouse

God himself flows into us, and organizes us into solid, triumphant, invincible, tranquil, energetic personalities, sweeps away our little fears and timidities, and rolls through us in new boldness, and flows out through us and waters a world with heavenly springs of power?

There come times when eternity is very near, when the curtains of heaven are lowered, and he who has shadowed over us all the years now leads us in green pastures and makes us to lie down beside the still waters. He restoreth our souls to their true house in him. Now we know at first hand, and immediately, what was the true situation all along, that the Eternal God is our refuge and underneath are the Everlasting Arms. Now we know what it is to dwell in the secret place of the Most High and to abide under the Shadow of the Almighty, and to be bound into the bundle of life with God. And joy returns, an abandon of joy, deep-running and quiet, beyond any we have tasted before. And peace returns, a miracle of peace, experienced and tested, God's peace,—our peace—who can distinguish them? And serenity returns, a deeper serenity, a calm patience, an unhurried assurance, a resting, freed from anxieties, in Him. And power returns, and faith, a faith that really removes mountains. For now we see that God is active, dynamic, energizing, persuading. And our task is not to work for Him, but to learn for Him to work through us, and to join our sensitivity to His working, already going on inside the lives of others. For wherever we go, there God has preceded us. To whomever we speak, God has first been speaking to him. And our task is to urge men to listen to their inner teacher. Within all men the heavenly educator is at work, tenderly, patiently speaking inside of rich and poor, educated and ignorant, black and white.

And the Church's task is first of all to call men to a listening life, a life of internal listening to the inner promptings that are already going on. We don't begin religion; God begins it, knocking within, in faint promptings, in inward appeals in the silences of our inner hearts. For the listening to the eternal involves a silence within us, a relaxed receptivity, a listening and an expectancy directed to a still small voice within. Periods of quiet and meditation alone and in reverent groups should be a part of normal living for all who would go down into the central silences which are found in the heart of God. And then steals in again and again, a heavenly warmth, a sweet assurance, an invigorating solidity, a constructive integration of the will, a burning love for God, a falling of the scales from the eyes so that one sees the world anew, simply, directly, as if through the eyes of the God of Love. I have no interest in silence as a form. But I know that devotion and dedication arise in the deep communings of the heart, in dwelling with a silence in the center of our being. In periods of relaxed listening and expectancy the silence within us seems to merge with a creative silence within the heart of God, and we hear eternity's whispers, and we become miracles of eternity breaking into time. Live a listening life! Order your outward life so that nothing drowns out the listening. There is nothing more precious to preserve, to cultivate. If you think you haven't time for it, then ask if you are not pursuing secondary values.

(This is the first of two articles by Thomas Kelly)

On Thomas Kelly

Tom Kelly returned from a three months visit to Germany in 1938 bowed and humbled by the suffering he had known there. He left for Germany an outstanding professor of philosophy with a concern for the religious needs of men. He returned a son of God. From the depths of his sorrow the spirit of God burst forth from his life with a joyous, torrential message of the love of God for man.

His lectures in philosophy at Haverford College remained at their high standard of clarity and organization. But his classes became a side issue, for here was a new voice and a new pen interpreting God's irrepressible Gospel.

Many students had no ears for the messages he brought to us in the meeting house. Some could not see the Hand of God in writings, such as this one, which poured forth from Tom Kelly's soul.

For myself all the courses in history, chemistry, and philosophy I took at Haverford are as nothing to the blessed meetings a handful of us students had for two and a half years at Tom Kelly's feet. Informally we gathered, reading the Saints and the Scriptures together, praying and worshiping together usually in silence. There the loving Spirit of God enfolded and transformed our lives.—Canby Jones

Instead of Day-Dreams

Allan A. Hunter

COLLECTIVELY we don't know where we're going so we just fly faster and faster. Our civilization all too vividly resembles a winged bomb going it blind. The engine being scheduled to stop, the whole thing is bound to crash.

But maybe that is too dark a picture. In any case you and I need not act like indiscriminate high explosives. After all, we are human beings, "responsible to all men for all things." To be sure, a sort of frustration complex haunts the world, especially youth. A Quaker just back from five years in the Far East finds it prevalent over there. It is all too obvious over here. All the more reason for our training to make a positive, creative response!

The danger is that we start as far out as we can get on the social circumference. Berdyaev, the Russian philosopher, speaks out of bitter experience. He warns against "the desire to eliminate external evils while allowing them to flourish within." Revolutionaries and counter-revolutionaries, he concludes, miss the main point. They rarely if ever start by rooting out the evil in themselves. "They prefer to exterminate it in others in its secondary and outward manifestations." And so do we. We had rather attack injustice a few thousand miles across the ocean than at home. If our global disintegration is a projection of our own lack of inward harmony, it would be wise for us to spend less time blasting "secondary and outward manifestations" of evil far away and invest more time developing coherence and peace within. Suppose, then, that instead of waiting till the war abroad is over at some indefinite future time, we undertake to stop the war within our own inner citadel—now.

On Allan Hunter

He's fifty now but still as loose-limbed as an adolescent. So thin and lanky that he's been a promising prophecy for T. B. these last thirty-five years. But it's tension, not tubercles, that keeps him stream-lined. His is the energy not of a horse but that greater energy of a bird. That's probably why his first love is birds—watching them. Then students, questioning them. Next books, writing them. He's a country lover whose love of wild life and its freedom has turned him into something of a town socialist. A lover of solitudes yet, given a telephone, he'll trail it with him into the bathroom. Most anonymous of men he's become almost a notoriety. Gentle as one of his wild animals yet as strong willed about his convictions as they are inflexible in their instincts. He has an instinct for goodness and the unostentatious courage that goes with it. Sensitive and stubborn, informed yet convinced, enquiring yet resolved. Add to these extreme balances the humour that is the sanest humility and you have a man who is a delight to his friends and a wondering exasperation to the rest.—Gerald Heard

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The Conversion of Saul—one of William Blake's water colors now in the Huntington Library and Art Gallery in California

This inside job can be tackled irrespective of circumstances. One of my friends is pharmacist's mate on a mercy ship. The distractions are numerous and complicated enough to give him a good excuse for evading the issue where the responsibility is most acute. But he takes the initiative and ignores the alibis. How he manages I am not clear. All I know is that he does go "a little aside from the noise" of the crew and "near to himself." He does "listen." The process gives him the kind of security that keeps him from breaking down. His daily habit is to expose himself to the vitality of what Kierkegaard calls "the Genuine Good." He assumes that it is not only with him. It is within him too. Often while standing or sitting still by himself, nothing seems to happen. An hour or two later, however, he may be busy in the ward among the wounded or neurotic when suddenly like a gust of wind the sense of presence comes; sometimes quietly, sometimes almost overwhelmingly. He has no control over it. But I can testify that it has a steadily transforming control over Bob.

Another friend, Stuart, went into the coast guard at the age of seventeen. He had been unadjusted. Then slowly the terrible poignancy of life dawned on him. Addictions began to drop off like dead leaves pushed out of the way by the new energy that came to him up through his roots. He was too much of a kid to do much politically about totalitarianism, fascism and other such large-scale collective evils. What he did was nonetheless significant, ultimately. For without a touch of false piety he was able be-

fore crashing in the South Pacific to write his father "Every night I go off alone and have a few prayers for you and my friends."

John is another whose answer is dynamic because it comes from his center. While at Civilian Public Service camp he gave up worrying about whether his work was of "irrational importance" or not. As he cut sagebrush in the desert he practised offering up each swing of the ax "to the love of God." When he became an attendant at a mental hospital he trained himself to do the most menial tasks for the incontinent with the same frame of reference in mind. On the visiting days when the young schizophrenics would stand at the window waiting, waiting, waiting, for someone to call upon them and show affection, he would enter into their experience hoping that they would sense that someone really did care. He has been on the ward now for more than a year scarcely missing a day. Many of the patients have slipped away but some have survived. They are, he says, great friends. He confesses that he is no longer interested in the distinctions between attendants and patients: "we are all involved; we who are trying to help wonder how we have escaped the suffering we feel here—and then we even see further and see something burst through the suffering." John is now certain that he gets more than he gives.

Another friend, Caleb, spent six months in a penitentiary rather than let himself be deflected from his basic conviction. While there he did not work out any blueprints for policing Europe or bringing in Utopia, but he had the fun of teaching a Mexican fellow convict to learn to read and write so that he could correspond with his girl, and one day while watching a blade of corn growing Caleb experienced a deep gladness seeing how wonderfully alive the universe was.

Edith is doing an undramatic job. She has dreams of reconstruction work in Europe after the war. Meanwhile she does this. Before starting in on her lunch box she thinks of the people in Europe who never have a chance at such food as she is about to enjoy, and she thinks of those people as in the awareness that holds all mankind.

HOW can we ourselves become "secretly armed" against the bitterness, cynicism, feeling of futility, remorse and despair that henceforth may be increasingly poisoning the air men breathe, because we have all broken God's law? Kagawa has a startling approach. He goes to the mental hospitals in Japan where soldiers, tormented with the thought of what they have done in China, scream or blubber or simply stare with a wooden expression at the wall. He takes their hand saying, "I have come to tell you that God is your Father, and you can be forgiven." That is the truth we would better knit into our nervous systems and communicate to others as soon as we can. But who of us is single-minded enough

to make it convincing? Actually we believe very little. Actually we do not very much care. As we turn the X-ray on our inner life we are nauseated to discover how lacking in faith and understanding, in integrity and good will we are. But in that very sense of inadequacy is hope, if it shocks us into turning our attention to where the real vitality, the real healing is: *in power which we cannot generate but which at any moment we can begin to receive.* In Belgium today is a young man, strangely reminiscent of Saint Francis, whose two children and wife have presumably not yet been starved to death by the blockade. He offers a practical suggestion. It was written while he was in solitary confinement where he spent eighteen months because of his unwillingness to betray his deepest insight and loyalty. Often during that time he had such sheer joy that it was like a lark rising from the depths of his soul. That joy must still be with him for he swims the river at night, so the latest message about him implies, and secretly returns with a bag of beans to pass around among the poor miners whom he serves. P. has the right to recommend this experiment he had put to the acid test: "If you gaze at Jesus, his reassurance will pass into you."

Since we do what we are and become what we look at, we are under a terrible obligation to practise looking less at the worst and more at the best. Isn't that exactly what meditation is,—a sustained effort to pay attention to the highest whose nature we are to obey and share? One of my friends puts in six hours a day at such "loving regard." You and I won't do that, but we can devote more time and strength than we have yet dared to do. This practise demands of us the determination to face the darkness in ourselves, but only so that we shall see through it into the light that alone can irradiate our greed, anxiety and pretentiousness away.

If we are going to set out on this most urgent and useful of human expeditions, there are iron rations we had better take along, such as Gerald Heard's *Preface to Prayer* or Douglas Steere's *On Beginning From Within*. There are small intimate study and work groups either to be joined or developed. There is the imperative necessity to practise being personally open to what is most alive and real, beginning with fifteen minutes a day, then trying twenty minutes, then thirty . . . with the firm intention to be more athletic and less obtuse. But isn't the main thing to stop day-dreaming and get going?

Allan Hunter expounds many of the ideas in this article at greater length in his new book, *Say Yes to the Light* which Harper's has just published. The book analyzes the Light which as human beings we have the capacity to turn to. Saying yes to this light makes us new men. The upward urge is the call to man's highest destiny—to obey the will of God, to train for the strength necessary, and to be worked through. The process which Allan Hunter describes becomes for us the incentive to say yes. This is a book for reading and re-reading; a companion guide to go with us as we respond to its stimulus, and to the Light.

For the Conquest of a Sane Tomorrow

Donald Knoke

POSTWAR plans, mostly streamlined and condensed patching kits for a deflated world, are being fed to a bewildered public in rapid-fire order from all directions, including the White House and a national brewery. Seemingly everyone is either studying or composing vast schemes of world organization into which every little G. I. Joe and renegotiated war worker is supposed to fit, perhaps with a little squeezing, like a cog in a well-oiled worm gear. The prophets of the New World Order, albeit a bit divergent in the manner of achieving tomorrow's triumph, to a man are building the plans Big. Only an occasional weak voice from the back row rises to a point of information—where is there a plan which is concerned with individuals as such? Receiving a neat bundle of slogans tied with red, white and blue tape instead of an answer, the voice from the back row retires, and, being a fictional character, does something radical. He decides that he will formulate his own personal, intimate Postwar Plan. Having observed the state of the world which has evolved concurrently with the world trend toward centralizing production, government, control, population, and ownership in ever larger units, he has long felt a mounting distrust of the faith expected of him in the ability of the Big Movements to achieve for him the good life. And not only that, he discovers when he tries to make his own plans that he doesn't know just what the good life is or how to achieve it.

Fifty-seven varieties of "isms" are replete with information about the best way to organize nations, or humanity, or sheep farms, but they have little to say about which way of life is best for the human animal. Through many ages a clear and consistent minority report has been registered concerning the sanctity of the individual and the supremacy of the values of the spirit over materialistic considerations, but in most cases, having made that point, the means by which the individual is to be reconstructed to the end of living with a proper material and spiritual balance are ignored or inadequately treated. The chances are this is because diagnosis is often simpler than finding a remedy.

What is needed is a thorough study of just what the individual is, how he can most fully realize the capacities which he has for a full life, what is the best way for him to live. There is good reason to believe that standards can be established for every living problem and consequently for life as a whole, which will fit all individuals; standards of normal living which everyone should attempt to achieve. This does not mean that everyone will become reasonably accurate facsimiles of everyone else, but it does mean that there is a range of behavior, of physical characteristics and mental attributes which can be called normal. Just what this proper range of variation in individuals is should be the first concern

of mankind, for only when the modes of living which most fully contribute to human needs and capacities have been determined, can the institutions and social organization be established which will lead to the good life.

UNDER the leadership of Ralph Borsodi, economist, decentralist leader, and founder of the School of Living at Suffern, New York, a small group of people met last June at the Oberlin Theological Seminary for a week's intensive study of the philosophy and program of action which is required by the development of the concept of normal living as the end toward which men should strive on this earth. Mr. Borsodi

THE TWO NATURES, a statue by George Grey Barnard



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demonstrated the possibility in the present state of scientific knowledge, which has data available for most such application, of establishing physical, mental and behavior norms for man in each of his problems of living. Once the norms for all of the physical attributes, mental characteristics, acts and behavior of individuals are established, it will be possible to define a normal individual. He would be one within whom all the above attributes, characteristics, and acts fall within the normal range of variation, and who fulfills all the functions of a normal individual during each period of his life and during his life as a whole. In the Oberlin seminar Mr. Borsodi presented a survey of the material encompassed in a forthcoming book, *Education for Living*, a correlation of findings from all the physical, biological and social sciences to chart the way for establishing just such norms.

In contrast to the pursuit of normal living the society which obtains today, the sum of its individuals plus the heritage of the past, has as its avowed purpose and goal of living a pyramiding of horrors which we call "progress." The claim of twentieth century utilitarian industrialism, and the social and political movements which support it, is that man is primarily, if not entirely, a consuming animal, and the more things he possesses and consumes the happier he will be. The fact that the means by which men obtain the objects they need and desire is as important as the products obtained, and in fact cannot be dissociated from them, is given little attention. The concentration on achieving an ever higher standard of living to the exclusion of all else is abnormal, yet it is evident on all sides—for instance, in the growing population of insane asylums (few of them are hospitals in the true sense of the word), the increasingly ugly rural and urban slums, recurrent unemployment and poverty, the failure of city populations to reproduce themselves, and at present in the overt destruction of society by mechanized warfare.

If men are to change this situation, if they want to alter the course of events which has sprung from unbalanced material progress with its emphasis on things, not men, the about-face must begin with individuals, not national states, world courts, or Ku Klux Klans. It is easy to overlook the fact that reform of any society must begin with the individuals who compose that society, and that those individuals must look within rather than to Washington or beyond for any permanent change. No apology is necessary to the disciples of social action, necessary as it may be, for giving a great amount of attention to the problem of how an individual should live. No one can help others adequately until he has

achieved a good pattern of living for himself.

For each of the problems of living, conscious or unconscious concepts of what is the best way to act are held, most of which are inherited from the environment and accepted without too much question. Much of the imaginative literature of the past two decades has investigated the prevailing ideas which men adopt for dealing with their living problems. Elimination of individuality before the great god Conformity is seen in Babbitt, and society tends to go toward the spiritually sterile Brave New World that Aldous Huxley described years ago. If integral normal living is to be achieved, a re-examination of the ideologies, or bodies of ideas which are held concerning all of the problems of living, must be made to determine what is the best solution to each of them. It must be determined what the problems are in man's physiology, affections, occupations, ownership, civics and politics, associations, education, ethics, and aesthetics. Programs for dealing with each of them must be developed which will make possible the fulfillment of "all the functions of a normal individual."

When the individual becomes convinced that reform of society begins with himself instead of with a change or expansion of government, institutions, or national pastime, he is faced with the necessity of doing something about it. No concept of how to live means very much pragmatically unless it is determined what should be done, and how, when, and where to do it. And the unique advantage of individual action is that it need not wait for the upsetting of the commonwealth, but can begin at once.

THE combination of ideas and programs opposed to the institutionalizing and centralizing of life in unjustified big units, and which emphasized personal and small group action has come to be known as decentralization. Its primary tenet is that the life of mankind should be centered around men, and not around the state, industry, or other gigantic institution. It holds that the individual can best complete himself and live a normal life in the family and small community which retains the human scale as its measure of worth.

For the individual in a family the way of life which evidently comes closest to normalcy is on a modern productive homestead where all the members of the family, young and old, can utilize all of their capacities. On such a homestead, rooted in the soil, and utilizing electric power and machines as tools, a proper balance and synthesis of work, play, and rest can be achieved, and the artificial separation of these functions into definite

time and place areas can to a great extent be eliminated.

In every economic or social upheaval there is an almost instinctive movement by individuals to get back to the land, and individually or in small groups seek security, if not prosperity. This propensity is reflected currently in the deluge of "How To" books and articles offered to the public on country life for city folk. The homestead on the land idea is particularly pertinent now that our gunpowder economy is threatening to blow up, but for the individual to find the security he may look for he must look upon it not as a temporary fear-motivated landward movement, nor as a second choice for those who feel they are not strong enough to batter their way through the conditions of industrial-urban society. To be secure, which is primarily a mental state, the change to the land and small scale production for use must be recognized as a part of the way of life which is normal and concerned with human values. Those who make the move must have adequate knowledge and training, or the ability to acquire them, to prevent their venture from becoming one more abortive attempt to transplant urban values and practices to the farm. The move should be conceived as being forward to the land, rather than as a romantic way to beat the next downward swing of the economic pendulum. This individual attempt to reconstruct society from the bottom up is a revolution, but a green one wherein people can grow by becoming a part of growing things, and by entering into activities which employ all their abilities rather than condemning them to pushing pencils or nursing punch-presses exclusively.

It is generally maintained by the teachers of mankind, that utopia cannot be ushered in by pogroms or governmental edict. Permanent change in individuals, their conduct, and consequently of society, can only be induced by education. A growing awareness of the failure of education to apply its search for truth in all fields to the problems of living is evidenced in nationwide discussion of the problem. It is the concern of those who are subjected to the processes of education, as well as of the professionals, that normal living be recognized as the purpose of educating, and that teaching be oriented to that end. Unfortunately there are few teachers in this departmentalized world qualified to cope with problems of integrated living, so one of the first steps in the green revolution is to teach teachers by a wide application of adult education. In the meantime, those who grope for the light will have to learn how to read a book, look within, place human values first, and congratulate themselves on being pioneers in the conquest of a sane tomorrow.



Courtesy Highroad

Bargain Counter Philosophies

George New

different traditions *fuehrers* and *duces* began to hawk their goods. They were purveyors of bargains in ready-made faiths.

IF a spotlighted, neatly packaged answer to our difficulties is what we are looking for, the philosophic attitude cannot help us. Philosophy is not a bargain counter of vitamin capsules guaranteeing a rosy tomorrow. Philosophy, in the beginning, can do little more than help us know the questions we must ask if we are to accomplish the difficult task of really learning from experience. Wisdom is never found all ready-made; it must be custom-built through our habitual attitudes toward the problems we encounter. A philosophy, if it is to be genuinely ours, must be painfully and slowly built out of reflection and effort, today, tomorrow, and the rest of our lives.

In spite of today's discouragements many students are idealistic in the best sense of the term. They do want their lives to help bring about a better world; some of them hope the Church will take the lead in its making. If these things are to be, we must understand the social problems which confront us and the alternative ways-of-knowing we may use in seeking their solution. We must learn to know when a problem has reality beyond our troubled mind, and we must come to recognize when an answer is *really* an answer. Perhaps we have been occupying ourselves with the wrong things in the wrong ways. Certainly the world seems a more and more difficult place in which to live.

We may readily discern problems aplenty. Internationally there is the problem of maintaining peace. There is no real organization of nations; yet we know that technological advance in another war may literally blow civilization to bits. There is the problem of vast mo-

THE bargain counters of Macy's and Gimbel's and of a hundred other American stores are reminiscent of other days when merchandise was more plentiful than cash and customers had to be persuaded they could not be happy unless they bought this gadget or that. Bargain counters, fire sales, economy basements, sidewalk auctions, all promising more than one's money's worth, are still familiar. War production has made their bargains less plentiful; however, other bargains, in ideas, are more frequent than ever. The trade in ready-made faiths always seems to flourish in critical times.

The uncertainties of our time do give all of us need of a philosophy in which we can discover a basis for meaningful living. It is difficult even for the rare student still immersed in coke-dates and week-end dances not to be aware of threats to the old security. The campus is changed. Professors are gone. Friends are gone. The courses one had planned to take are out for the duration. Thousands of students gone off to the war

know the world is not the sleek model featured in the full color ads. They aren't amused with the *Saturday Evening Post* vision of a postwar utopia complete with wife and kiddies, air-conditioning, and prosperity guaranteed by the National Association of Manufacturers.

"It sounds great," they say, "but we've had a course in elementary economics and we've seen a few things first hand. The old slogans have gone stale, and we don't want any more if we can help it. We want something we can really believe in. Sure, we'd like to make the world better, but we wonder if it can be any better. . . ."

People wondered, of course, before the war began. The last war turned the world's values upside down and sent whole nations looking for "something to believe in." The cults of pleasure, success, and disillusionment followed each other in rapid-fire succession. *The Importance of Living*, *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, and *The Decline of Western Civilization* all had their vogue. In the sick and humiliated nations of

nopolies, organized for profit, a powerful force in maintaining an economy of inequality, scarcity, and high prices.

Domestically we are confronted with what Gunnar Myrdal has called the "American dilemma," an ill treated, ill educated, and aggressive Negro minority. The urgency of this situation is obvious in the Harlem and Detroit race riots and in the stories of Jim Crow in uniform. Nor have we solved the problem of our social security. Wendell Willkie has pointed out that "we have left the feeding, clothing, shelter, education, and medical care of our children to be determined by their parents' income alone. It hasn't worked. . . ." The rich soil of the Mississippi Valley continues to wash into the Mexican Gulf. In 1935 only about eleven per cent of our farms were serviced with electricity. Our media for communication, press, films, radio, are falling increasingly into the hands of large and powerful special interest groups. All of these facts present problems to be solved. Their seriousness is a reason for our desperate search for an easy way out.

READY-MADE answers, quick ways of knowing, are easy to find, and their devotees cling to them grimly with a dogmatic, conservative faith. One of the oldest answers is that of authoritarianism. Eduard C. Lindeman writing in *The New Republic* has said that we "are moving irrevocably toward the most profound debate since the issue of slavery divided the nation . . . on its . . . intellectual side the issue lies between those who demand that all thinking proceed from an authoritative base and those who believe that freedom to challenge authority is of the very essence of intelligence."

Through all of recorded history we see that most men have gone to one authority or another to substantiate their beliefs. We should, of course, distinguish two kinds of authority. The first is the authority of the expert. When we have a sharp pain in our middle we call a doctor and find it both reasonable and expedient to follow his instructions. We have neither the time nor the experience to contradict him. Before another pain seized us, we might retrace the route the doctor had taken to arrive at his diagnosis and we might then disagree with him. The doctor's authority is not final. It is dependent on his experience, and it is properly open to question by those who will take the trouble to prepare themselves for intelligent questioning.

The second form of authority is absolute and final. We may call it dogmatic authority. The essence of its philosophy is that a particular institution is better qualified to determine what is true or false, right or wrong, than the

individual through his own efforts. The institution in exchange for this privilege offers a faith and security to the individual. There is a price, of course, and the price is intellectual slavery. Eugene O'Neill expresses it in *Days Without End*: "Slavery means security—of a kind, the only kind they have the courage for. It means they need not think. They have only to obey orders. . . ."

Dogmatic authority cannot tolerate free inquiry, for if one begins to question, to examine contrary opinions, one may soon no longer believe and this is incompatible with the authority. The Nazi book burning is a shocking modern example. Authority has always gone hand in hand with conservatism, the attempt to maintain tradition; however, social advance, particularly the spectacular technological and intellectual advance of modern culture, has been achieved by men who cultivated doubt.

Algo Henderson, president of Antioch College, has commented on the method of authority in his book, *Vitalizing Liberal Education*. "Freedom to change is the first requisite of a progressive society. . . . Formerly men knew what was good because of authoritarian enunciations from those who professed to know (and there were ways of forcing assent). . . . The result was a too rigid system . . . inadequate to cope with the new social problems brought about by a more complex and independent social scheme."

Religion in the past has often been dogmatic in its authority, and the twentieth century has brought a resurgence in authoritarian secular faiths. Joseph Kessel, an active fighter in the French underground, relates a story of Communist authoritarian discipline. In one concentration camp was a section for Communists who were subjected to special brutality. "Somehow a few of them managed to escape. Three days later they came back and gave themselves up again. They had escaped without the party's authorization. The party was sending them back to the camp," insisting on the right to decide who should escape! One

of the most bitterly contested intellectual battles of the last few years is being fought over the question of whether education in America shall return to the authoritarian tradition of the medieval university as at St. John's College or continue in the progressive patterns of Antioch, Sarah Lawrence, Black Mountain, and other modern schools.

Authoritarianism has always proclaimed an answer, but unfortunately it has never been able really to fulfill its claim. The ages of greatest faith in Europe down to the present are the bloodiest ages of all. There have always been rival dogmas and there seems to be no way authoritatively to resolve their conflicting claims. Violence is the final result. Simple belief is no guarantee that one believes truth. Dogmatic authority provides no real way of correcting error. Even if the authority is correct it does not provide for the highest development of the individual. While the authoritarian method has rested upon the argument that the individual mind is liable to error, historically, individuals, Socrates and Galileo, for example, have been vindicated in their defiance of authority. We may be suspicious that faith in authority has preserved more of error than of truth.

A SECOND kind of faith, not unlike the first, is faith in intuition as a superior variety of knowledge. This is the faith of mysticism. There are many ways of experiencing life, and we may discover a natural "mysticism" in the joys of being alive—in a run down a windswept hill, the smell of smoking leaves on an October evening, or in meeting a long missed friend. We may treasure these experiences as good in themselves, but we need not assume them to be avenues to salvation or superior modes of knowledge.

Mystical intuition as a method of knowing claims to go beyond the intoxications of love and life and art, beyond the sobering analysis of science. It does promise salvation, instantaneous and final knowledge. Before we flutter into its

On George New

George New's alarm clock wakes him before dawn these summer mornings. The road construction crew at the Big Creek side camp of CPS number 59 eats a lot of pancakes and George must get the griddle hot and the coffee made.

Free time during the afternoon is the reward for the early morning start. On the roof of the woodshed or on his cot in dorm one, George uses that time for reading. He forces books to communicate with him. The weekly supply truck carries a fruit box full of books back into that deep coast range valley. He insists on understanding what the writers of those books are saying, and his energy, as in the recently completed social philosophy study course at Elkton, stimulates and helps to carry others to understanding.

When he looks up from his two fingered typing he looks out the dorm window over the brown dusty bowl that is steeply walled by rock and dirt and weather-whitened snags of formerly great Douglas Firs. The theater department of the Northwestern School of Speech is twenty-five hundred miles and two and a half years removed. But George is reading a play now and it is likely that he will bring a Big Creek company for *No More Peace* to the main camp stage in Elkton this fall. His puppets, too, are only occasionally exercised. Joey, when the drawstring of his gray bag is loosened, makes it clear that he'll never be a CPS man. On George's hand he remains incisively critical of the camp and campers.—Jay Savereid.

flame, let us see if we can perceive what is behind it. The world revealed by our senses, the mystic tells us, the world of headaches and Republicans and swing bands, is a world of illusion. Beyond it, beyond time—out of this world—is a real world, eternal and infinite. If we will in all humility accept the inevitable error of our senses; if we will recognize words and thoughts as a hodge-podge counterfeit of reality; if we will cease to fret about the Negro family across the tracks and lost ballots for G. I. Joes; if we will sit quietly with emptied minds, the darkness, the confusion, the endless whirl of events may be ended, and in blissful peace we will know with certainty what plodding committees, commissions, technicians, and experts could never tell us.

There has always been a persuasive appeal in such a faith. In the give and take of life we can never completely understand, for the knower and the known are not the same. Our physician can never really know our aches and pains. The artist must translate his ecstasy into a snatch of poetry or a pattern of color before we can begin to comprehend it. External signs, incomplete as they are, must serve as the communions of society. T. S. Eliot is right when he speaks of the "limited value in the knowledge derived from experience" which "imposes a pattern and falsifies, for the pattern is new every moment." Life's experience is incomplete and changing, but it is our only means to knowledge. Men have long sought a royal road to knowing, but they have never agreed in their intuitions. As with authoritative dogma, if we rule out intelligence, there seems no way save violence and persuasion to legislate between rival visions.

The solitary soul may in a personal vision of transcendental truths find comfort and an end to many cares. The slaughter of European Jews will not cease; children in the deep south will not find an end to the languor of hookworm; and the sick and bitter spirits of millions of homeless refugees will continue to have reality. It is good, perhaps, that the mystic feel his peace and joy; it will take a more sober and reflective devotion to man's troubles to make this joy widespread.

Here are two bargains in answers for these troubled days or any troubled days: the twin flights to authority and "the intuition of pure being." Before we leave them to consider another attitude we may enumerate certain characteristics they possess in common. First, they both depend finally on private revelation which cannot be exposed to public test. The most illogical authorities of the past have been clothed with the dignity of "sacred" mysteries. Second, they are both absolute. They must be taken all of a



"Miss Pettibone told us we'd all grow up to be indispensable instruments in the great period of reconstruction—and here I've been counting on pitching for the Dodgers!"

Courtesy, *The Saturday Review of Literature*

piece or not at all. They promise complete knowledge and complete salvation. Third, they are anti-intellectualistic when they refuse to accept the authority of reflective criticism and when they discard inquiring intelligence. Fourth, they are based on a profoundly pessimistic view of human nature. The authoritarian mistrusts the capacity of people to solve their own problems. The modern intuitionist, overwhelmed by the confusion and violence of the present world, is cynical of striving. His nerve has failed. T. S. Eliot is his most urbane voice:

I said to my soul, be still, and wait
without hope
For hope would be hope for the wrong
thing; wait without love
For love would be love of the wrong
thing; there is yet faith
But the faith and the hope and the love
are all in the waiting. . . .

THERE is another kind of philosophic attitude voiced by some men in all ages, particularly in Greece, in the Renaissance, and in the modern era beginning with the revolutions of the eighteenth century. This is not a ready-made faith and particularly today it may not be cheaply had. It is certainly not a stream-lined model, and many voices claim it old fashioned. Where it has had meaning it has been custom-built; perhaps it will never be finished, perhaps it must continue under construction so long as life goes on. It has been characteristic of the best and most distinctive aspects of American culture, and it may be termed "the scientific spirit and the democratic faith."

What is the faith of democracy? It is certainly more than the parliamentary form of government and the right to vote—if one is not a Negro in Texas, a migrated war worker, or a soldier overseas. It is certainly more than the right to work for General Motors or U. S. Steel. The democratic attitude is more than any political or economic form although these may express it. It is a faith in the ability of people, ordinary people, to order their own lives. It is a faith in the educability of the average man. It assumes that most men have the ability to conduct their affairs with dignity and judgment provided society offers them opportunities to utilize their abilities. It is a faith that all men are human beings regardless of their class or their race and that distinctions should not be made on these accounts. It must be an active faith, for it recognizes that what is possible may not be realized; that men need not act with intelligence simply because they are capable of that act. It must recognize that the threats of violence and contrived emotion are the motivations behind most action in our present society. It must recognize the need of creating democratic institutions—schools, churches, homes, governments, and factories—so that individuals may be democratic. It must be coupled with a means of changing the world and society and it finds this means in the methods and spirit of science.

Science involves both a body of knowledge, continually being sifted, refined, and reshaped, and a general method of inquiry for acquiring and testing knowledge. It is an error dangerous to de-

(Continued on page 43)

I believe in the essential fineness of life, and intend as far as I am able to keep it fine. There is plenty of ugliness in life, but I have seen men of good will and high purpose undertake to clear away some of that ugliness, and against the ill will and the foul purpose of other men, they have succeeded. There is meat in the words of Penny Baxter to whom Mrs. Rawlings wrote in *The Yearling*: "Ever' man wants life to be a fine thing and an easy. 'Tis fine; pow'rful fine, but 'taint easy. Life knocks yu down and then yu get up agin, and then it knocks yu down agin."

I believe that behind all life, within all life, constituting life, there is a spirit manifesting itself sometimes in truth, sometimes in beauty, sometimes in goodness, sometimes in love. That spirit calls

generalization that is easy. That equality makes them my brothers—a particularization that is hard. Practicing brotherhood is a matter of thoughtful kindness and daily consideration and honest concern for the welfare of my near neighbors.

I believe that this life is so constituted that to man is given the possibility of building for himself and his brother-man a better world, with more of justice, understanding, good will, and peace. I intend to put my shoulder to the wheel. There is much that I and our community can never do; our abilities are limited; our wisdom is only human; our strength has its ends. But we are neither rats in a hopeless maze nor guinea pigs in a universal experiment. Any success that may come will come as a result of our learning to work together.

deterioration of the quality of their living.

I believe in democracy with its heed to the voice of the people, its recognition of the right of minority opinion, its concern for personality; I believe in democracy as a way of living and working in our own campus community and I intend to make my life more actively democratic. The easier way will be tempting but if it is chosen, the choice itself will be a denial of faith in the democratic way. Harold Rugg has reminded us that democracy "is the hard way of tolerance, of opening the mind to all sides of the question, of searching for data, and determining their validity, of undergoing the ordeal of group discussion and decision." Only so can the America we love come to its maturity and be a light unto the world.

I believe that if I practice the presence of God and practice fellowship with my brother-man, I can face the uncertainties of life with poise and confidence and strength, holding fast to my integrity through joy and tears, through success and failure, through the disappointments of unfulfilled dreams and broken hopes. My role in life may never be large but I have the assurance that it is a man's part and a man's part must be played like a man.

Creed of Life for Today

Kenneth I. Brown

to something in me, and something in me struggles to respond. It is like the moon drawing the tides. I am determined to seek that spirit, which men all through the centuries have called God, and to respond to His calling.

I believe in God as a workman, working through the hands of men and in His own ways to accomplish His great designs; and as far as my life goes, I shall endeavor to work with Him. I am forced by the experiences of living to believe that somewhere in life there is purpose, not in such detail as to make man an automaton, a puppet on a stick, but broad directions which long time reveals. I like the words of Winston Churchill, spoken before our American Congress: "I will say that he must indeed have a blind soul who cannot see that some great purpose and design is being worked out here below for which we have the honor to be the faithful servant."

I believe that men are equal in the sight of God; I can find no reason for believing otherwise. Therefore, I have no choice but to grant them, in my humble sight, the same equality. That equality makes them all His creature-children—a

I believe that the chief end of man is the maximum fulfillment of all of his creative capacities and powers, the achieving of the richest and fullest selfhood of which he is capable. That means being a complete individual, fully alive while one is still living. Paradoxically experience shows that such fulfillment comes never by direct seeking but only when the self is forgotten—lost as it were in the welfare of other selves.

I believe that I myself must be primarily responsible for my own life, my actions, my influence; I shall try to carry the burden of that responsibility. I shall try not to search for alibis. Heredity has limited me; and environment has conditioned me; nevertheless, the area of freedom in which I can move is great and my life, within the limits of my best self, is largely in my own hands.

I believe that how I live is vastly more important than how long I live; I believe that in the end the quality of my living—those ends I live for, the faithfulness of my years—will be the measure of my success and my failure. The price some men pay for long years of existence is the

Personal Codes

Before taking any kind of action, each man looks to his own particular code—the proselytizer (religious or social) asks himself "will this or this alternative bring more people into the fold?" the politico of a "practical" cast asks "which procedure will get me more votes?" the co-ed muses "which dress will attract him more?" even the unprincipled man of affairs has his basic code, and demands "which course of action will, in the long run, serve my interests the best?"

Where many people make their mistake here is in drawing too close an analogy between these formulae and the mathematical one. For it is so easy to apply a formula, and so hard to work out a new one, that it often proves more convenient not to question too closely whether the one you're using happens to apply to the particular situation or not. —Gloria Girven in the U.C.L.A. Bruin

"If at First You . . ."

When rewards come too easily, one soon believes they are his due. He becomes self-indulgent, his work deteriorates. Whereas the man who has met with failure awakens to the necessity of defending his position. He is careful not to alienate others because he needs friends. Thanks to failure, he acquires virtues that make for good fortune. For the best of us, if defeat comes, victory can not be far behind.

—Andre Maurois

A Little Lower Than the Angels

The Story of the Incredible
Albert Schweitzer

Arthur Foote

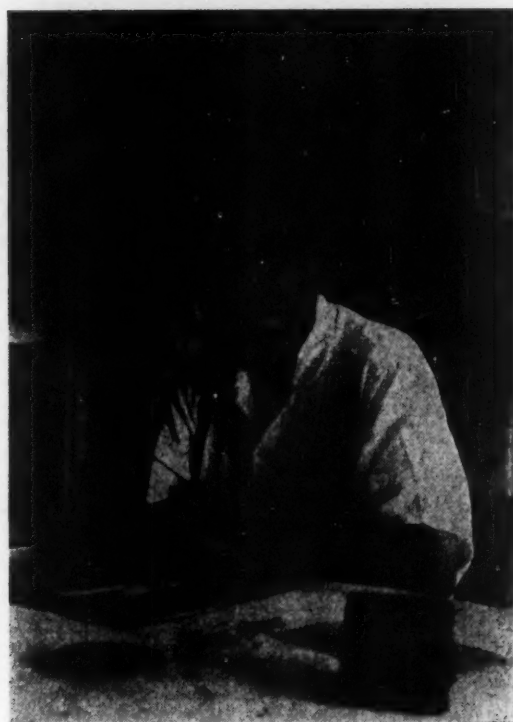
AT Lambarene, several days journey up the Ogowe River in French Equatorial Africa, we should find a group of low, corrugated iron buildings—the hospital of Albert Schweitzer—the incredible Albert Schweitzer. He is today a greying man of sixty-eight, large—full six feet in his stockings, with a great shock of hair, a shaggy mustache, and warm, laughing eyes. Probably we should find him dressed in a baggy suit of ancient vintage, with pockets bulging, tramping around in heavy hobnailed boots, and looking for all the world like a big, loveable, unkempt Alsatian shepherd dog.

Schweitzer and his wife came to Lambarene in 1913, and built their first rude hospital. Largely with his own hands, he cleared the jungle. Their first operating room was an abandoned chicken coop; the operating table was a cot bed; and for overhead lighting—well there was plenty of sunlight streaming in thru holes in the roof.

People take up missionary work for different motives. Few are led by the reason which impelled Schweitzer to give up his already brilliant career in Europe. In his thirties, his was already a name to conjure with. He was a doctor of theology and philosophy; the minister of a great

Arthur Foote is a native of Michigan and a graduate of Harvard, '33, where he was a long distance runner and captain of the cross country team. He took his theological work at Meadville Theological Seminary and then went to Hungary and Roumania to study the Christian movement there. The oldest Unitarian churches, dating from the Sixteenth Century, are found in Transylvania. He came to his present ministry of the Unitarian churches in Stockton and Sacramento in 1936. The son and grandson of Unitarian ministers, Mr. Foote comes to his "calling" naturally.

October, 1944



*am Schreibtisch in Lambarene
Mr. Everett Shillings im Gedenken
an die gemeinsam in Günsbach ver-
brachten Stunden. Albert Schweitzer
25. 11. '932*

church; a lecturer at the University of Strassburg; the author of several outstanding books on theological subjects; he was already considered one of the world's greatest organists, an authority on the fine art of organ-building, and the author of the greatest book that has ever been written on the music of Johann Sebastian Bach.

Why did he give all that up? Was he crazy? his friends asked. The answer is best found in his own words:

"A heavy guilt rests upon our culture. What have not the whites of all nations since the era of discovery done to the colored peoples! What does it signify that so many peoples where Christianity came have died out and others are vanishing or at least disintegrating? Who can describe the injustices and atrocities committed by Europeans? Who could estimate what alcohol and the awful diseases we transmitted have done to them? If history told all that has happened between whites and blacks, many pages would be turned without being read. A heavy guilt rests upon us. We must serve them. When we do good to them,

it is not benevolence, . . . it is atonement."

This missionary is in Africa to make reparations for the sins of the western world against the Negro. He has chosen with care the place of greatest need—the Ogowe region, where for three centuries the slave trade and rum and exploitation have wrought havoc, where the remnants of the eight powerful tribes struggle against sleeping sickness, venereal diseases, swamp fever, and a hundred tropical ailments, where villages are reduced by epidemics to a fraction of their former size—there labors a man whose life is a demonstration of what Christian brotherhood means.

HE was born in Upper Alsace, the son and grandson of Protestant clergymen. A brilliant child, at nine he was able to play the organ for service in his father's church. At twenty-four he had won two doctorates and had published his first book, *The Religious Philosophy of Kant*, and had started preaching in the Church of St. Nicholas in Strassburg. A man of boundless energy, he reports in his autobiography, *Out of My Life and Thought*,

that he often studied all night while a student in Paris, going to his organ lesson with the great Widor in the morning without having been to bed at all. Later, when he was taking up his medical work in preparation for Africa, he was able to continue at his post as minister of St. Nicholas, and as lecturer at the University. Meanwhile, he was called upon frequently to give organ recitals in Germany, France and Spain. In addition to this, he quietly notes: "It was during the first months of my medical course that I wrote the *Essay on Organ Building* (a classic in its field, incidentally) and the final chapter of the *Quest of the Historical Jesus*."

This great book, which Schweitzer naturally wrote in German, Germany being the world center of theological study in those days, was written at the same time that he was finishing, in French, his book on Bach. His organ teacher, Widor, had often complained that there existed a number of good biographies of Bach, but none that provided any adequate introduction to his music. Schweitzer consented to write an essay on the subject for the students at the Paris Conservatory. Before long, he says, it became clear to him that this was going to expand into a book. "With good courage I resigned myself to my fate."

A few years later he was asked to translate his book into German. "I soon became conscious," he writes, "that it was impossible for me to translate myself into another language. . . . So I shut the French 'Bach' with a bang, and resolved to make a new and better German one. Out of the book of 455 pages there sprang, to the dismay of the astonished publisher, one of 844." . . . It took him two years. "I often had to lay it aside for weeks," he says. "My medical course, the preparation of my lectures, my preaching activities, and my concert tours prevented me from busying myself with it continuously."

THE medical course completed, and money raised for the hospital, largely

The Albert Schweitzer Fellowship

The Albert Schweitzer Fellowship was organized late in 1939, when the war cut off all sources of aid in Europe to Dr. Schweitzer's African work. The response of his American friends to the appeal for funds which the Fellowship sends out every year has been very gratifying. Contributions come from individuals, churches, church schools, missionary societies, musical organizations and college student groups. Each year beginning with 1940, cargoes of medical supplies have been shipped to the hospital at Lambarene, French Equatorial Africa, and money has been cabled for the running expenses of the hospital.

Dr. Schweitzer has authorized that contributions be sent to Professor Everett Skillings, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont. In a recent letter to Professor Skillings who allowed us to use this article, Dr. Schweitzer, writing from French Equatorial Africa, said:

"We are still well here. Naturally we are increasingly tired by the climate and the work. Sometimes our feet drag as if they were made of lead, but we keep going just the same. Since Dr. Goldschmidt's return in October, 1943, I am again working at my book of philosophy in the evening. There are always many sick—thanks to the catgut received through Dr. Hume we can keep on operating regularly, which pleases us a great deal. We still have enough to eat, for ourselves and for our patients. The gifts of our American friends have permitted us (as I think I have already written you) to buy a certain amount of rice which comes from the interior."

through organ recitals, the Schweitzers left for Africa. Everyone supposed, as did the young doctor himself, that he was closing the door upon his intellectual and artistic career. No one reckoned with the amazing vitality of the man. With him went a zinc-lined piano, built especially for the tropics, with a pedal attachment, so that he might keep up his organ playing. It was the gift of the Paris Bach Society.

"At first," he says, "I had not the heart to practice. I had accustomed myself to think that this activity in Africa meant the end of my life as an artist. . . . One evening, however, as . . . I was playing one of the Bach organ fugues, the idea came suddenly upon me that I might after all use my free hours in Africa for the very purpose of perfecting . . . my technique."

The result was that when Schweitzer returned to Europe, he returned an even greater organist than when he left.

Of course, time for practicing was hard to find. The hospital had to be built. The sick came in droves from hundreds of miles around. Some could pay for his services, in bananas, poultry, or eggs. Others, from far into the interior, had a different idea about gifts; when cured they came to the doctor to demand a present from him, because he was now their friend.

The First World War broke out as the work was getting nicely established. The Schweitzers were informed on August 5, 1914, by the French colonial officials that they were prisoners of war. For a few months they were confined to their hut, but it soon became apparent how foolish such procedure was and he was allowed to return to the hospital. In 1917, however, they were taken to France and put in a Prisoners of War Camp. Typical of the man, he was simply delighted to find that there was in the room where the two were imprisoned a table. That meant he could while away the long hours by practicing the organ, using the table for his manuals and the floor for his pedals.

Life in an Internement Camp has never been conducive to good health. It took some years before Schweitzer felt strong enough to undertake the task of starting all over again in Africa. In 1921 he set out, barnstorming all over Europe, giving organ recitals and lecturing on the Philosophy of Civilization. Of the next three years, he writes:

"How wonderful were the experiences vouchsafed me. . . . When I went to Africa I prepared to make three sacrifices: to abandon the organ, to renounce the academic teaching activities, and to lose my financial independ-

(Continued on page 46)



The Schweitzer Hospital at Lambarene, French Equatorial Africa

Letter to My Children

SHERIDAN BELL, CHAPLAIN, USNR



Chaplain Sheridan Bell

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

I will never forget the picture of my leave-taking yesterday when I looked from the window of the plane and saw your dear faces peering through the fence at me. I caught my breath as I saw you smile and wave your hands as Mother lifted you up to see me go. When I called tonight, Mother said that Sherry wanted to know, "why the plane hadn't come back with Daddy."

I am very confident that the plane will bring me back some day. But if I shouldn't come back then I want you to know why I was willing to fly away from you yesterday. I wouldn't be a very good Dad if I couldn't express what I feel about that day. You know that I want to come back. These short visits with you and Mother only increase the hunger and yearning to be with you. Every man who is separated from his loved ones feels as I do. Yet we know that we can't return to our homes until some things are definitely settled.

I've discovered that the routine of sea duty can blind me so that it is difficult to sense the reasons for my leaving you. It isn't until I come home, as I did this past week, that I gain the perspective which I must have, if I am to continue in this war. While at home I played with you and laughed with you—spoiled you perhaps—did all the things I dreamed about while at sea away from you. It isn't sentiment that makes me willing and glad to go again—it is the certainty of your being and the possibilities of your lives that set me on my course again.

Some of us feel beyond politics, beyond controversy, bitterness, hatred, war, that there is a way of living that must be yours. We feel this so keenly that we can leave our homes and our loved ones and take the chance of the plane not coming back.

You will wonder as you achieve greater experiences and knowledge just why this war had to be. As you grow you will discover that the war we wage is not new to you. There is a miniature war going on within you all the time. Remember, Julie, when you were angry because Sherry had more paper cake cups than you? Remember how you tried to hit him and take them away from him? Perhaps you also remember that I stopped you and tried to explain that there were enough paper cake cups for both of you. Then remember how in just a few minutes you both wanted to take a bagful of your candy to Grandma's and share it with her? Both of you could be greedy and angry and both of you could be thoughtful and generous. You will find that grown-ups act just as you did. But there are not always Dads to step in to reason and to discipline. The world needs discipline now. The people of the world have the capacity for kindness and fellowship and yet greed and hate have replaced goodness.

Even in this war there is strength and wonder. Men reveal greatness, men reveal littleness and cheapness; but with all this there is the re-affirmation of goodness in the world. I was thinking of this last December on my birthday and I wrote down these words, "I still insist that life has purpose and meaning." Now I didn't write this from the security of my study at home, but on a cold winter's night in the North Atlantic where there was a good chance of our being torpedoed.

I don't think anything touched me more deeply, Julie, than your counting each day of my leave. When you asked me each day how many days were left; I wanted to say "all days." And then I heard you singing, "five more days, five more days." I should have held you close and told you that we just can't number our lives by days.

October, 1944

Human life to be of value has to be judged by its quality, not its quantity. We come nearest to God when we seek that kind of living. If we achieve it, we shall never be let down.

As I return to sea with the possibility of not coming back, I want to be sure, in my mind, that you have caught the vision which sends me away from you. In an earlier day when freedom was at stake, God said to Joshua, "Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of good courage, be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord, thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." And a leader was born who possessed courage and faith.

I want you to find that courage and possess that faith. Men and women are finding it today. I have had letters from wives and mothers of my sailors who have been lost at sea, and they breathe that courage. One father who lost his son could write,

"I think he and his like have not been killed;
High flights toward liberty are never stilled."

How can I say this, Julie and Sherry, so that you will never forget it? A lady poet by the name of Edna Cosler Joll put it down in writing as if it was a message from me to you.

"Every child should know some scrap
Of uninterrupted sky, to shout against;
And have one star, dependable and bright,
For wishing on."

Persuade Mother to let you stay up late some night when the sky is dark and the stars are shining. She will point out to you the Big Dipper and then she will show you how you can always find the North Star. No matter where the Big Dipper is in the sky, you can always find the North Star. I have gone out on deck at night when I have felt lonely or tired and looked up to find that star. I knew that Mother could look up at the sky from your bedroom window and see the same star. We may be far away from each other, and yet that North Star shines on both of us. That North Star, so dependable, so bright, is like God—always there.

It is getting late and there will be lots to do tomorrow. But there will be other nights when I will want to write to you and tell you the things that I feel in my heart. Until then, good night and all my love,

DADDY

Sheridan Bell is a chaplain on the U. S. S. Card. We asked "Sherry" to give us permission to print this letter because we think it is a most genuine and honest statement, and that it is significant as a document coming out of this war. Sheridan Bell graduated from Ohio Wesleyan, went to Yale for his divinity work and then served several churches in and around Columbus, Ohio. "Mother" in the letter is Elizabeth Bell who writes to us that she read the letter to their children, and that Julie asked many questions about it. "Sherry, Jr." she says, "is still hoping to have his daddy come back in the airplane. When he talks about him he always says, 'I want Daddy come home.'" So do we all, Sherry—all daddies!

Item: Unfinished Business

J. Gordon Chamberlin

A Personal Report to Students on Demobilization

I have spent a large part of the last ten months trying to get acquainted with plans of the nation for demobilization. We all read in papers and magazines of postwar plans for the transition—reconversion of war plants, disposal of surplus goods, the retooling of industry and change-over to civilian production. Demobilization is the human side of that transition. And by demobilization I don't mean just of military personnel. Civilian war workers will be "demobilized," also.

I've been in Washington five times finding out what they will tell us in government offices and among national leaders of business, educational, religious, and labor agencies. All this has been far more instructive than it was possible to anticipate. The purpose behind the study was to help the church develop its program for meeting the problems of the

transition period—for only by knowing what is going on and what is being planned can we be realistic in our preparation. Our bi-monthly "Demobilization Bulletins" are to be based on these regular Washington visits.

On the basis of the studies in Washington and among many churches around the country during these last ten months we are gradually building up a collection of suggestions and ideas which will be valuable for student groups as well as other church groups. These must be left for another article. Right now I'm terribly concerned about some of the by-products of the studies.

What I've been doing has been like training a telescope on a distant scene, and finally, by looking long and hard, the picture gradually comes into focus, be-

comes clearer. Off there one can see people moving—long, long columns of returning warriors, each with his own reaction to the war, each with his personal problems, each with his hopes and fears of what lies ahead back home—but the landscape into which the column moves becomes clearer also. And it is the landscape that I can't forget. It seems that by looking long at the probabilities of the demobilization period some of America's postwar problems loom larger and clearer than ever.

For instance everyone insists that returning veterans must have jobs. Preferences await them in Civil Service. A few will get their old jobs back, if they want them, because of the reemployment section in the Selective Service Act. But employment for veterans, really, depends on employment for all. The nation is not

ready for that. Real plans have not been made. Big business groups insist that the government must keep its hands off "free enterprise," eliminate present regulations and lower taxation. Congress, largely dominated by such business interests, has, to date, made only a piece-meal approach to the most complex economic problems ahead.

Those who do talk of plans for higher levels of employment (such as the Committee for Economic Development) suggest the particular employment level we must reach in 1946 or 1947. (55 million employed; 140 billion national income) But is it not patent that the nation's basic economic problems are dynamic? Every year 750,000 new workers enter the labor market. Every year technological improvements make the new workers less necessary. Until we recognize our true status, the continuing problem, we head only toward frustration. Stop-gap measures ward off the evil day only temporarily. We make loud pronouncements about the prosperous new world with "a job for each Joe when he gives up his Jeep," but our words are empty and they carry no real hope.

Of course more hopeless are the counsels of those who think unemployment is a virtue, that it builds initiative, that it keeps the nation vigorous. And anyway, "where would we get doctors and nurses in case of an epidemic," asks a famous economist for business, who contends that unemployment is desirable. Even the Army is more humanitarian than that!

Successful demobilization, then, largely depends upon the way America meets her basic economic problems. It is not something separate. And ahead of us is the unfinished business of the '30s.

A second characteristic of the postwar landscape is its continuity. Looking toward the demobilization period and process it becomes clear that most of the decisions governing our postwar era have been made already. Just as the resurgence of Russia's European influence was the product of a long climb since 1917 rather than her amazing victory at Stalingrad, so America's postwar course grows from the developments of the last twenty-five years. No sudden interest in planning will have an immediate effect. History has more continuity than that.

I first realized this when trying to outline things churches should prepare to do during demobilization. What is done then is not nearly so important as what is done now. For only if a church keeps in constant contact with its members who are away will it have any foundation on which to assist their reintegration when they return. An eastern discharge center recently reported that 40 per cent of the men discharged from that center did not want to return to their home towns.

What can a church do if its members don't want to come home? Now is when those members are deciding whether they want to return or not. Now is the time to do the things that will determine the success of the demobilization process. Thus, letters have more postwar value than immediate morale value, for they are essential to a continuing fellowship unbroken by distance.

This essential continuity of life often makes us despair when we realize how "deep entrenched the wrongs," but until we can learn to work within it, to become a part of a great continuity can our efforts contribute to the life of the world. The power of Christianity depends in part on its continuity, of past visions still providing lamps to our feet. Now in the midst of so many immediate demands we must not lose longer perspectives.

THEN there is something else growing clearer on the distant landscape. While there is now less optimism about a warless world than at the end of World War I, there are still many who expect an early end to World War II. Oh, yes, it may be very soon that doughboys march up Unter den Linden and its Tokyo counterpart. But the overthrow of either government is not any assurance that the Nazi soldiers of mountainous Bavaria or the Japanese soldiers on thousands of south Pacific islands will run up the white flags at once. There will be longer and longer casualty lists before armistice. We will take them as part of the awful price of war. But how will we feel when the fighting goes on, and on, and on—and still our brothers and sweethearts and husbands can't come home? May that not be the most severe test of our morale?

There is no assurance that this war will end as did World War I. Now we can prepare ourselves for greater spiritual testings ahead, and after that for a long period of adjustment from war to peace.

So, before we start "doing things" about preparing for demobilization we need to see more of just what the problems of the period will be. These are three which have become clearer as I've been working on demobilization plans. I think they deserve attention, and that right now.

One Certainty

One thing is sure, . . . Neither in life nor in death will man escape God or himself. And the hardest judgment is one's own. But God's mercy is as great as the Universe and every man will find in it the grace he needs.

—Zofia Kossak in *Blessed Are the Meek*

On the next two pages

motive

presents

THE LITTLE CHAP-BOOK

for

Pocket and Kitbag

compiled by

B. Cumming Kennedy

Editor's Note: Miss Kennedy has been kind enough to allow *motive* to publish her Little Chap-Book (a chap-book is any small book containing poems or ballads—called so, because it was sold by a chapman). We shall present the book in three numbers of the magazine. We expect to publish the Chap-Book as a booklet after it has been printed in these pages.

October, 1944

23

A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?
—Robert Browning

MAN is born to hopes and aspirations
as the sparks fly upward.
—Robert Southey

Who . . . who are you?
*I am the song you sang at the dawning—
I am the dream you dreamed—
I am your aspiration and your high resolve—
I am the shining arrow that you shot . . .
But did not follow.*

I had forgotten that a boy's resolve
Could sound so silver-sweet upon the ear—
I had forgotten that young Aspiration
Could be so goodly
And so fair to look on.
—B. Cumming Kennedy

If one advances confidently in the direction
of his dreams, and endeavors to live the
life which he has imagined, he will meet
with a success unexpected in common hours.
—H. D. Thoreau

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
—H. W. Longfellow

It is the surmounting
of difficulties that
makes heroes.
—Louis Kossuth

WE have chosen our path—
Path to a clear purposed goal,
Path of advance!—but it leads
A long steep journey, through sunk
Gorges, o'er mountains in snow.—
—Matthew Arnold

There are few difficulties that hold out
against real attacks; they fly, like the
visible horizon, before those who advance.
—Emerson

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never
grudge the throe!
—Robert Browning

Struggle breeds strength, pursuit builds
endurance and he only is deserving of
victory who can laugh in the face of
failure and rise to fight anew.
—Peter Dene

O God, how lovely still
is Life!
—Schiller

THANKS . . .
For health, the midday sun, the impalpable
air—for life, mere life . . .
—Walt Whitman

To him whose elastic and vigorous thought
keeps pace with the sun, the day is a
perpetual morning.
—Henry David Thoreau

Oh, our manhood's prime vigour!
no spirit feels waste,
Not a muscle is stopped in its playing
nor sinew unbraced.
Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping
from rock up to rock—
The strong rending of boughs from the
fir-tree,—the cool silver shock
Of the plunge in a pool's living water—
How good is man's life, the mere living!
how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses
for ever in joy!
—Robert Browning

Plunge boldly into the thick of life! Seize
it where you will, it is full of interest.
—Goethe

God is a worker: He has
thickly strewn
Infinity with grandeur.
—Alexander Smith

A WONDER . . . that there should be any
man found so stupid as to persuade him-
self that this most beautiful world could be
produced by the fortuitous concourse of atoms.
—John Ray

How often might a man, after he had
jumbled a set of letters in a bag,
fling them out upon the ground before
they would fall into an exact poem—
yea, or so much as make a good discourse
in prose? And may not a little book be
as easily made by chance as this great
volume of the world?
—John Tillotson

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.
—Alexander Pope

Wide the Web and long its weaving:
Great the Frame past all conceiving:
Still toils the Weaver, still achieving—
Yet task and toil are never done—
For Web and Weaver, these are One!
—B. Cumming Kennedy

Thou art become a greater God,
O God, because of my endeavor.
—Louise Ayres Garnett

TIS God gives skill,
But not without men's hands: He could not make
Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio.

—George Eliot

In a chaotic world, man has produced order;
in a meaningless world he has fashioned signs
and revealed significances; in an unformed
world he has manipulated refractory materials
and shaped art; in a hostile world he has
transcended the limitations of merely animal
love and animal fellowship in ethical doctrines
that bind him in wider associations; in a world
of conflicting impulses and claims, he has
instituted customs, manners, and laws; in a
baffling world, he has created science, and
in a mysterious world, philosophy and religion.

Here are the essential disciplines that en-
able man to make of his own life an enduring
and significant work of art.

—Lewis Mumford

God manifest in Man,
And Man fulfilling God—
This is the Mystery and this
The Revelation.

—B. Cumming Kennedy

The great use of a life is
to spend it for something
that outlasts it.
—William James

LONG life is denied us; therefore let us
do something to show that we have lived.

—Cicero

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts,
not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He
most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts
the best.
—Philip James Bailey

This span of life was lent for lofty duties;
not to be wiled away for aimless dreams, but
to improve ourselves and serve mankind.
—Sir Aubrey Thomas de Vere

Life is a mission. Every other definition
of life is false, and leads all who accept
it astray. Religion, science, philosophy,
though still at variance upon many points,
all agree in this, that every existence is
an aim.

—Guiseppe Mazzini

A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad tires in a mile-a!
—William Shakespeare

CHEERFULNESS keeps up a daylight in the
mind, filling it with a steady and perpetual
serenity.

—Joseph Addison

Give us, O give us, the man who sings at
his work. Wondrous is the strength of
cheerfulness, altogether past calculation
its powers of endurance.

—Thomas Carlyle

O glorious laughter! thou man-loving spirit,
that doth take the burden from the weary
back, that doth lay salve to the weary feet,
bruised and cut by flints and shards . . .

—Douglas Jerrold

The joy of the spirit indicates its strength.
All healthy things are sweet-tempered.
Genius works in sport and goodness smiles to
the last.

—R. W. Emerson

My sword is Strength, my spear is Song;
With these upon a stubborn field
I challenge Falsehood, Fear and Wrong;
But Laughter is my shield.

—Arthur Guiterman

Every man's task is his
life-preserver.
—Emerson

NO man is born into this world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

—J. R. Lowell

Thank God every morning when you get up
that you have something to do that day
which must be done, whether you like it
or not. Being forced to work, and forced
to do your best, will breed in you tem-
perance and self-control, diligence and
strength of will, cheerfulness and con-
tent, and a hundred virtues which the
idle never know.

—Charles Kingsley

Man must work. That is certain as the sun.
But he may work grudgingly or he may work
gratefully: he may work as a man, or he may
work as a machine. There is no work so rude,
that he may not exalt it; no work so impassive,
that he may not breathe a soul into it; no
work so dull that he may not enliven it.

—Henry Giles

Our best doing is our best enjoyment.
—F. H. Jacobi

I Believe in Man

Thomas S. Kepler

IN *Green Pastures* Noah makes a keen glance into human nature when he says, "I ain' very much but I'se all I got." With "all I got" each of us asks with deep sincerity, "What am I? And especially what am I through Christian spectacles?" He asks this because he is not only aware of the mystery of himself but he is also conscious of the problem he confronts in trying to make "all I got" into something of significance and worth. Recently, when 270 students on an American campus were given a questionnaire, it was found that 90 per cent were suffering from complex mental frustrations. When the Harvard class of 1911 was questioned twenty-five years after graduation, it was found that one-eighth of its members were financially dependent on others, and that one-fourth were disappointed with their careers. As a person faces these disturbing figures he thoughtfully queries, "What is man?"

Most of us can begin with a feeling of self-certainty: at least we do exist! We can say with Descartes, *Cogito ergo sum* (I think, therefore I am). To this admonition the Christian theist can add, "What is man that *Thou* art mindful of him?" But the statement and the query are but the beginning of the quest as to what man is. Man wants to know first of all how he came into existence. The Christian fathers were content with one of two ways to explain the origin of man: (1) He was especially created out of fiat as explained in the Genesis creation story, the result of God's labor on the sixth day. Or, (2) accepting Plotinus' view, man effulged from the One (God) as the One overflowed into the Nous, the World Soul, and other souls like ourselves. Such views may satisfy modern man that God is the Designer and Creator of man, but such explanations do not give the *manner* of creation which pleases the contemporary thinker. The modern man accepts the descriptive facts of emergent evolution, viewing man as emerging hundreds of million of years from less perfected life upon this planet: he sees God as the author of the process of creation and man as the end-result. As he understands evolution as a theory explaining *how* and not *why* man's gradual development, he "need

not believe that men are descended from the monkey, but from God, who has been immanent in all life, slowly developing from the monad to the moral person, from the single cell to man." He sees that "the real dignity of man consists not in his origin, but in what he is and in what he may become."

Man is an earth bound creature; he does belong to the "good earth"; he is a citizen of the natural world where at least 100,000 years he can be securely labelled as "man." Chemically he is made up of acids, salts, proteins, fats, and waters; he possesses carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen combined within him in intricate fashion so that he may retain his physical structure for "three score years and ten" or even one hundred years—or for but a few hours. Yet it is not this physical structure which really makes man: the physical structure is only his substructure. With similar physical structures some have achieved goals when young; others have continued to follow their creative urge when old. Bryant wrote *Thanatopsis* when he was eighteen; Hume wrote his *Treatise on Human Nature* when he was a student in college; Newton discovered the law of gravitation and the binomial theorem when he was twenty-four; Michelangelo was a master of sculpturing when he was twenty. Yet others have the creative urge alive until almost death: Franklin at eighty-four was the leader of the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia; Gladstone at eighty-five was the world's leading statesman; and

Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles wrote his grand "Oedipus" and Simonides bore off the grand prize of verse from his compeers when each had numbered more than fourscore years.
Chaucer at Woodstock with the nightingales
At sixty wrote "The Canterbury Tales."
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last
Completed "Faust" when eighty years were past.

Man is *certainly something more* than a sum total of physical substances! The biologist adds that the life of man is an organism containing a life process which adapts itself to its stimuli and reproduces itself. The self is the result of the union of two single cells, which become an or-

ganism composed of millions of interrelating cells: the organic health affects man's metabolism and glandular processes, which further affect the total reaction man may have toward the complexities of life. Yet it is not man's organic nature alone that makes him *man*: animals and plants are also organic. But a plant as an organism can reach its maturity in a few weeks; animals as organisms are able to attain their development in a few months; man as an organism takes years before he achieves his growth. When he finally attains his biological growth he finds himself not only a citizen of the present who reacts to stimuli of his environment: as such a person he learns to *control* his environment; even more he envisions ideals for himself in the future, and glances back at history where he feels the past in such a way that he is better able to interpret the future for his own existence. Man is a biological organism, but he possesses something which other "earthborn" organisms do not have.

As Arthur Compton perceives life on this planet from the angle of the physical and biological sciences, he concludes, "It is difficult to escape the conclusion that our world is controlled by a supreme Intelligence, which directs evolution according to some great plan. We could, in fact, see the whole great drama of evolution moving toward the making of persons with free intelligence capable of glimpsing God's purpose in nature and sharing that purpose. . . . Our survey of the physical universe indicates that mankind is very possibly nature's best achievement in this direction." With such an attitude toward man as a creature in the process of emergent evolution, the Christian agrees. But what further may be said about man from the Christian angle depends upon the school of Christian thought to which the interpreter belongs.

There are three main schools of Christian interpretation: (1) The left wing school of scientific humanists see man as the end-result of emergent evolution; (2) the right wing school of neo-supernaturalists and traditional supernaturalists view man as God's creation, but so "fallen"

that he has lost his normal relationship to God; and (3) the theistic schools who envisage man as belonging organically to the subhuman level as part of the naturalistic process, but also related normally to the immanent Spirit of God as the Spiritual Life of the universe.

This first school of thought views man as a mere bodily organism who reacts to the stimuli of the natural world (the *only* level of reality); man's mind is the result of his neuro-physiological reaction to environment; Jesus as an ideal man has shown us how we too might "discover" the process in nature so perfectly found by Jesus. In such a pattern of thought man is determined wholly by biological and social forces: he lacks creative freedom. Men "have each other," and if they will but emulate Jesus in their living, the Kingdom of God will arrive in an evolutionary manner. Paradoxically enough, the coming of the Kingdom depends entirely upon men, and men are but a part of the level of nature. This school of scientific Christian humanists has but a small number of members, found mainly among left wing Unitarians and un-churched "Christians."

The schools of supernaturalists savor of European pessimism in their view of man as a totally fallen creature, but their numbers are scattered throughout the United States in conservative church groups. The stimulus for the neo-supernaturalists is located in Augustine, Calvin, Kierkegaard, Barth, and men of like temper. To these thinkers man does have the use of free will as he lives in the natural world: he may choose his profession, his political party, his ethical way of living. But he cannot choose God, because as a rational-feeling creature he is estranged from God due to the fall of man in the Garden of Paradise. Hence God must choose the man whom he wishes to save. Man is thus saved by faith; but faith is not something which man himself can create: it is the gift of God to man, mainly because God possesses grace. Therefore man has no free will when it comes to choosing salvation: he is predestined to salvation since God chooses whom He will. Jesus Christ becomes for the neo-supernaturalists a figure of greatness merely because he was completely obedient to God's will. They believe that Jesus as a man of great ideals or fine character matters little for any of us, because such a person was a part of the natural world. We call Jesus Christ "Lord" only because he has shown us how we might become completely obedient to God so that God's grace may give us faith for salvation.

These two schools which view man so differently are good "correctives" of each other. Neo-supernaturalism "corrects"

scientific humanism of its homocentric view of religion where Humanity becomes the "god" whom men worship: scientific humanism "corrects" neo-supernaturalism of its total pessimism regarding man and its over-speculative manner of theological thinking. In between these two radical schools lies Christian theism which gives a pattern of thought which shows what many believe to be the "true portrait" of man in relation to his universe.

The theists believe that "reality is man writ large"; man is the *key* to his universe qualitatively. Alfred N. Whitehead has expressed this idea: The self "repeats in microcosm what the universe is in macrocosm." This means that the spirit of man is to his physical body as the Spirit in the universe is to the phenomena of nature: each is an organism, one small and one large; within the large organism (the universe) all the small organisms live and interrelate themselves to God and to one another. As God is the Life of the universe, each man has a life which integrates his body; each life is intimately related to God's cosmic Life; and each man is thus "spiritually" related to every other man. Jesus as man's ideal belongs organically to the universe as we all do; it is his *degree* of relationship which causes his difference from us. Each of us, because of the misuse of freedom, is in a microcosmic manner (as a "little world") a distorted impression of the macrocosm (God); Jesus, on the other hand, is one who held such harmony with God (the Life of the Universe) that God's eternal values could be clearly reflected through him: thus the basis for the Incarnation. To develop the spirit of Jesus Christ in ourselves brings to us a feeling of real unity with God, which is the final purpose of the Christian man: it is the manner by which we become "sons of God."

As modern man looks at himself through Christian theistic eyes, he believes that in every person lies the possibility of sainthood, even though the struggle to become a Christian saint is long and arduous. His belief in man's possible attainment of sainthood is based on two premises: (1) He has faith in man's potentialities for greatness even though the image of God in him is distorted: (2) he believes in a God of tremendous energy and mercy (*agape*) who dynamically seeks to help man achieve the goal of the saint. The Christian theist is neither pessimistic nor optimistic about man: he is melioristic, believing that there is a Christlikeness in all of us which by a combination of human and divine effort can be fanned into the life of a saint. With Leon Bloy he feels that "there is only one sorrow, not to be a saint."

Some traits of the Christian saint as the ideal man are these: (1) His life is saturated with an intense love for the Christian religion as a way of adjusting himself to himself, to his fellowmen, to nature, and to God. He is a "religion-intoxicated" person! (2) He lives with a joyous, radiant, carefree freedom because his life is totally dependent upon God. "A saint is a person who has quit worrying about himself," because his life is centered in God. (3) He emulates Christ in everything he does. Each day he offers a prayer at dawn, "May the image of Christ radiate through me this day in every life-situation." (4) He freely opens his life to God's *agape* (redemptive, free-giving love), and as the recipient of God's *agape* he volunteers to help the needy, the lost, the unfortunate, the unhappy. He volunteers to help bear the burdens of his fellowmen and thus fulfills the spiritual laws of God. (5) He looks upon Christianity as not merely a theoretical ideal: for him it is a practical way of living with individuals in an un-Christian society. It is more than an interim-ethic. Like St. Francis he does "not love humanity, but men." (6) He believes that the Kingdom of God can come into history. But it must continue in him as it began in Christ. With Jacques Maritain he concurs that he must "purify the springs of history within his own heart." (7) He has a continuous humility. Like Katharine Mansfield looking at her writings shortly before her death and saying with beautiful humility, "Not one of these dare I show to God," he feels that his best is always minute as compared with God's majestic and holy perfection. (8) He looks wistfully into the eyes of every person, regardless of race, color, creed, or nation as a brother in whom the potentialities of a Christian saint lie.

Yes, I believe in man—and especially in the Christian man as the saviour of the postwar world. In the profound utterance of the *Talmud*, I believe that as long as there are thirty righteous men in any generation there is hope for tomorrow's world—because as I believe in man am I led to believe also in God who labors with men for the Kingdom!

How marvelously man is made:
Delicate tissue, well-planned bone!
How deep the pulsing heart is laid
Within the structure: quite alone
It keeps its rhythm, tends its fires!
How intricate the hidden brain
With thoughts, emotions and desires,
And wealth of secret joy and pain!
But more than tissue, brain or heart
Is the spirit's strange, elusive light:
O what is Man, Lord, that Thou art
So mindful of him day and night?
Then from the void God's words resound,
"Made in my image, Godlike, free,
He is a pilgrim—onward bound
Through this world toward eternity!"

1. Science in Faith and Faith in Science

Hubert Frings

THAT there need be no conflict between science and religion has been said so many times that one would think it would be believed merely through repetition. Too many scientists, however, are so imbued with a belligerent spirit of false radicalism that makes of religion an object of derision that they do not even care to point out the true place of science in man's spiritual life. At the same time, clergymen have divided themselves into those who believe that science and the devil are in league, those who would harmonize science and religion, and those who ignore the whole problem. It is little wonder, therefore, that the harmonization of science and religion has not progressed to the point of enduring peace.

Science and religion, however, deal with entirely different aspects of universal truth. Briefly stated, science deals with the "What" and "How" of the universe, and religion with the "Why."

The scientist, for instance, can tell us that the earth is simply one planet among others moving around a minor star and that man came to this planet through a long process of evolution. But this does not tell us why these things are so. If we ask the scientist why evolution should seem at first glance purposeless and yet produce higher forms from lower, he might answer survival of the fittest, or gene mutation and ecological pressure, but these again are only the "How," as he sees it, and still leave the "Why" unanswered.

Perhaps, as some modern thinkers believe, we should not trouble ourselves with this question and be content with the "How" of science. But man cannot. He is just as incurably curious and religious as he is incurably human.

IT is to philosophy and religion that we turn for our "Why." If we ask the philosopher for a "Why," he may give us one or more of the numerous universal philosophic systems. If we ask the Christian why things are as they are, he answers plainly, "Because the God of the universe is father and ruler." And this we must take on faith. Thus faith becomes the keystone of our thinking about the "Why" of the universe.

It is this faith in the unseen, the un-

seeable, the untested, which "modern" thinkers attack most viciously. They demand that, like scientists, everyone should put aside everything that cannot be tested and recorded. They cannot put God under a microscope or in front of a fluoroscope, or give Him an intelligence test, or analyze Him chemically. Must we, therefore, discard all faith? Let us see, first, whether science, the supposedly coldly questioning pursuit, has any faiths.

Yes, science has its own faiths. The scientist must believe in some things which he cannot prove, if his science is to be valid. The backdrop against which all the discoveries of science must be viewed is a faith in three things.

Faith number one: That the universe, as experienced through the senses, is real. The belief that all is mind, that all the universe is imaginary, has never appealed widely to scientists. Were they to take this view, they would be studying something without existence, and that not only sounds futile, it actually seems foolish. The scientist, therefore, starts with a belief in the reality of the universe, but he must take this on faith.

Faith number two: That the universe is trustworthy. It is assumed that what was true yesterday will be true tomorrow in the physical world. If a low pressure area in the atmosphere has almost invariably been accompanied by rain in past years, the scientist believes that this will be true tomorrow or next week. His belief in the reliability of the universe goes so far, in fact, that he "knows" that his description of the chemical properties of a pure chemical compound in his laboratory today will be valid for that compound, if pure, in anyone else's laboratory at any other time and place. What faith! This is the faith that has literally

moved mountains and made the bottom of the sea into dry land.

Faith number three: The truth in science is independent of the individual making it. One single scientist, of the most humble parentage, the most backward race (if there be such), the most despised country, could change the whole perspective of science overnight if he were honestly and truthfully to show one of the basic concepts of the sciences to be incorrect. One man or woman, with one fact, can destroy a whole system of thought and give a firmer basis for a new system. This is faith in the individual carried to the nth power.

BUT these faiths are also part of the integral structure of Christ's thinking. Christ, through his intuition, came to the conclusion that the universe was real and reliable, with as little evidence that this is always true as the scientists have today. But, whereas science lets it go at that, Christ sought a reason for this orderliness—he sought a "Why." And his answer was simply that the God who created the universe was an orderly, fatherly God.

This God of Christ contrasts as boldly with the gods of other nations of Christ's day, and even with the Jehovah of the Old Testament, as our science contrasts with theirs. Think of the Greek and Roman gods with their caprices; the person who believed in them certainly could not believe in a reliable universe. The Jehovah of the Book of Job is equally not the God of Christ. Christ's Father is not one to destroy all natural law simply to test the faith of one man. Christ would teach us that Job's suffering was the result of a reliable universal order which might seem harsh on the individual, but which was the more right because it could not be changed. Christ's God is Father of the universe, and He is the best of fathers, for His children can depend upon the invariability of the rule in His household.

Christ reasoned further that, since God is the father of all mankind, every person, no matter how humble and imperfect, has a touch of God in him. This is faith in the individual carried far beyond that of the scientist, for some sci-

Dr. Hubert Frings was born in Philadelphia in 1914, went to Pennsylvania State College and then to the University of Oklahoma where he received his M.S. in zoology. His doctor's degree in physiological zoology is from the University of Minnesota. He has been head of the Department of Natural Science at Snead Junior College in Boaz, Alabama, and is now head of the Department of Physics at West Virginia Wesleyan College at Buckhannon, West Virginia.

tists scoff at everyone not trained as themselves—a caste-prejudice that should be repulsive to them, but seems not to be.

Christ's bold assertion has received more than confirmation from modern science, for anthropology and psychology show the latent potentialities hidden in almost all individuals of all races. In science, also, the application of Christ's teaching has

paid off. The scientific progress of the last hundred years is directly traceable to the intelligent internationalism and faith in the individual—practical Christianity, if you will—practiced by scientists. Japanese, Americans, Negro and White, Englishmen, Russians, Germans, Chinese—all races and all nationalities—have made their contributions.

For the followers of Christ, this should

be a shining symbol that their religion and social ideals are correct. Applied throughout the world, Christian practices would bring world peace and world progress which would partake of the Kingdom of God—yes, would be the Kingdom of the God of Christ.

(This is the first of a series of three articles).

Proportions and Perspectives

Dale and Isabel Brown

MANY students must have been encouraged to hear of the formation of UNRRA—United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration—as showing the first signs of something constructive being done by the Allies towards the building of a new world of cooperation. It seemed a practical step towards the dream of a world order—something nearer and therefore perhaps more realistic than the League of Nations. But UNRRA seems to be having difficulty in functioning. We are told that it is being used as a political whip handle, and that it cannot even begin to collect the supplies so urgently needed by the occupied countries to whom we have promised liberation and a sufficiency of food and other necessities at the conclusion of the war. In detail this is what happens. Senator X hears that UNRRA plans to ship so many thousand tons of farm machinery to Europe so that farmers there may begin again to supply the needs of their own countries and so gradually reduce the amount of grain and other food supplies coming from the outside. Senator X knows that farmers in the mid-west feel their own machinery is beginning to get rather out of date and would like to supplement it with new equipment. He sees a good chance to hold his position in Congress and goes to them: "Say, if you fellows don't watch out all that machinery you want will be shipped abroad! You elect me and I'll see your interests are looked after." If these farmers were given the whole picture, would they want to withhold all chance of these poverty stricken nations starting again from nothing? The needs are so disproportionate—theirs of a little replacement, the Europeans' of a complete new start.

American students face the same kind of problem. We feel generous-minded to the stricken peoples of Europe. We want to help them. But do we realize that it

involves sacrifice? We must, like the farmers of the mid-west, let something go. But surely it is a matter of proportion. We already give of our superfluity to the World Student Service Fund, but do we do enough?

And especially, we Christian students. Are we thinking of our Christian fellows? Are we aware of the plea of the World's Student Christian Federation that we remember the Christian Associations in these hard-pressed countries? Do we realize how their Christian literature has been reduced to a bare minimum? How headquarters have been closed down? Secretaries dispersed? How movements must be rebuilt from the barest remnants? The Federation is preparing to send in men and materials at the earliest possible moment. We in this country give large sums to the upkeep of our own well-established movement, with its well-equipped buildings and libraries, its fairly adequate staff, its beautiful camping sites. How much do we give for these movements which have been so severely penalized?

The strange paradox of all Christian living! Do we see that in reality already the scale tips in our favor? It is high time we learnt to give in proportion to the needs of others not counting the cost to ourselves. And yet the truth is that if only we awakened to our responsibilities in this world fellowship, we would be repaid in far greater measure than we had given.

The repayment we receive is in different

Dale Brown, staff member of the World Student Relief, works among prisoners of war and refugees in Canada. We met him at the enlarged committee of the North American Affiliated Committee of the World Student Relief in New York. Isabel is what we call, for lack of a better term, "wife" to Dale.

coin from what we give. North American students still possess the greatest amount of material property on the face of the globe, and by sharing it with fellow students it becomes a symbol of spiritual unity and of our Christian fellowship. Soon we begin to realize that this giving is not a one-way traffic. Material support given to suffering students begins to find its way back into our own lives in the form of true stories of the steadfast and courageous stands taken by Christian students in the face of tyranny and barbarism. Witness for example the students of Oslo University who have been interned or forced to labor in Germany when they refused to bend a knee to the Nazi will. Or the Dutch Student Christian Movement which gave up its official existence rather than close its membership to the Jews when the Nazis banned them from all organizations. These deeds are clear expressions that the Christian faith is neither anaemic nor dead in the lives of these students, and in thus witnessing to their faith, they give us courage and assurance when we are in danger of losing ours. Our debt to these fellow-students and fellow-Christians is far greater than theirs to us. As the early church was built upon the blood of its martyrs, so now the central faith is kept alive by the sufferings of modern martyrs. Theirs is a clear testimony that whenever truth is in conflict with untruth, men would rather suffer and die than succumb to the tyrannies of untruth. We students of North America are eager to find truth. If we fail to meet the physical and spiritual needs of these fellow students, we shall have turned our backs on the most direct road to it.

This leads on to another point which is of vital concern to North American students. We should be asking ourselves more insistently than ever before, "What are the resources which European students

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fall back upon to meet these terrific powers of evil which they face?" Most of us are so self-satisfied and content with our own ideologies and points of view that we see little use in trying to find out what it is that makes others stand up to the awful struggles which they must fight. Are we sure that our faith would lead us to oppose the Nazi spirit in the same way that Christians in Europe have done? or would we be gradually drugged by the propaganda and slip into conformity because we had no clear faith or vision? Continental Christians have maintained their faith because of their diligent Bible study, and their willingness to see in their present catastrophe the "Hand of God" at work. The more intense the political struggle has become, the more they have relied upon the Bible for guidance. This in turn has led them to take even bolder and more courageous stands in opposition to the evil policies of the powers that be. These students know where they stand because they have studied and because they have experienced directly the evils which have infiltrated and engulfed their lives.

No longer can we of the Western Hemisphere think that we have everything to give and nothing to learn from Europe. Our lives have not been tried and

tested in the fires of suffering as theirs have been. Our approach to them must be one of humility, of bowed heads in the presence of great suffering. We cannot go to them in the spirit of showing them how to reorder their lives and to set their world aright. We can only stand at their side in time of need making clear to them that we are ready to share with them in the rebuilding and reconstructing of all that has been lost when they feel inclined to ask us. Our offer will be accepted not merely because we have the things to give, but even more because we are one with them in Christ.

We in America need to remember that we cannot change the world according to our own desires, and yet because this is true, we are not freed from the responsibility to do all that we can to build and create a real and vital world community. The establishment of UNRRA is one step in the right direction, but it is an official step and is a concern exclusively of the United Nations. If it is to be effective, not only must it have behind it the support of the people of the United Nations, but it must also depend upon the contacts and the mutual faith and trust existing between members of international organizations such as the World's Student Christian Federation, the

World Council of Churches, the International YMCA, and others. It will work more effectively because these organizations have been at work for years. So for this reason alone continued support of such organizations is essential. But even more the faith and trust of the European peoples will be upheld if they know that North Americans intend to implement their idealistic hopes and plans in concrete action. Practically, that means giving not only out of our abundance but also out of our need if we are to fulfill our promises in meeting the physical and spiritual needs of the European peoples. For those of us who are students, this means we must support the World Student Service Fund if we are to meet the physical and intellectual needs of our fellow students, and the World's Student Christian Federation if we are to meet their spiritual needs in the framework of our Christian fellowship.

In his last letter from Geneva, André de Blonay asks pleadingly, "To what extent can North American students be counted on to meet the increasing wartime and postwar needs of continental students?" Thousands of students are waiting to hear our answer to this plea! What is it to be?

books

Voices

Eight men and ten women contribute poetry and prose to the second volume of *Voices* published by the Haight Literary Society of West Virginia Wesleyan. The editors are Reva Stump and Elizabeth Dailey, who are also represented in the volume. Three faculty members also contribute to this admirable attempt to keep the art of writing alive even in the midst of war.

Exploring Journalism

Roland E. Wolsley, a member of our advisory editorial board, and professor of journalism at the Medill School of Journalism of Northwestern University, and Laurence R. Campbell, copy editor of the Pacific Coast Edition of the *Wall Street Journal*, have written a new textbook on journalism. As its title, *Exploring Journalism*, implies, it is an attempt to look at all sides of the field, and to present an "integrated study of the historical background, philosophical viewpoints, social possibilities, vocational requirements, and specialized techniques of the modern media of communication included within

journalism." That the book fulfills its ambitious design is the most complimentary comment we can make. (New York, Prentice-Hall, Inc.)

Aids to Worship

Albert W. Palmer has compiled an extremely useful volume of *Aids to Worship* as a handbook for public and private devotions. It is a treasury of devotional material, with personal meditations and prayers, as well as group worship material. It will be unusually valuable for student worship chairmen. (New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00)

Pamphleteria

Gunnar Myrdal's monumental study of race relations, *An American Dilemma*, financed by the Carnegie Corporation of New York City and published by Harper and Brothers, is likely to be one of the classics in this field. Samuel S. Wyer of Columbus, Ohio, has made a digest of this 1,483 page book and has published it as a pamphlet under the reprint of the Columbus (Ohio) *Council for Democracy*. Mr. Wyer has classified excerpts from the book under fifty-four headings.

This makes interesting reading. Our only fear is that short quotations may be misleading on some of the questions, and that well-intentioned but misguided people will assume a knowledge of the book and the point of view without more thorough reading.

* * *

The Headline Series of booklets of the *Foreign Policy Association* are all good. One of the latest treats our neighbors to the North. It is called *Canada: Our Dominion Neighbor*. Its author is Merrill Denison, and it sells for twenty-five cents from the Association at 22 East 38th Street, New York 16, New York. There are excellent maps, sketches and charts. This is the best condensed treatment of Canada we have seen.

* * *

The Public Affairs Pamphlets of the *Public Affairs Committee* (30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City) are a series of popular ten-cent pamphlets on current economic and social problems. The ninety-first publication in the series is by Carey McWilliams, former Commissioner of Immigration of the State of California, author of *Factories in the Field* and *Brothers Under the Skin*. It presents a summary of the results of two years of intimate study of the issues raised by the

evacuation, relocation, and segregation of Japanese-Americans. The pamphlet is illustrated by Taro Yashima, noted anti-fascist artist, and has as its title, *What About Our Japanese-Americans?*

The complete findings of Mr. McWilliams' two-year study will be issued in book form by the Institute of Pacific Relations this fall.

Pamphlet ninety-two is prepared by Dallas Johnson for men and women in the armed services and their families. It is called *Facts and Tips for Service Men and Women*. This is a practical book of information that will be welcomed by all who work with those in service as well as by the men and women in service themselves. It is excellent.

The ninety-third in the series is a warning to those who would have the United States try to monopolize postwar aviation. *Freedom of the Air* by Keith Hutchison answers such questions as:

Are we prepared to open our skyways to other nations?

Can a mad scramble for the postwar air lanes be avoided?

Is an international air police force desirable?

All of these pamphlets are delightfully illustrated and are "musts" for students, for use in reading rooms, and for libraries serving students.

The Missionary Education Movement
(156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, New

York) is on the job again—this time with two new maps, *Indians of the U.S.A.* and *Southeast Asia*. Both maps are approximately 34x22 inches and sell for twenty-five cents. They should be purchased from your denominational literature headquarters.

In the December number of the magazine we shall treat the development of the community idea. We simply note here the publication of Pamphlet No. 2 of the Rural Cooperative Community Council, *The Communities of Tolstoyan* by Henri Lasserre (twenty-five cents from the Council, New City, Rockland County, New York). This is an excellent addition to the growing literature on groups and communities.

movies

We spend--then gain or lose

Margaret Frakes

Not many of us go to a baseball game without watching how the different plays are made, cheering when we see an unusual display of skill. When we listen to a concert on the radio or "in the flesh" we notice how different effects are obtained, enjoying excellencies in performance, thrilling to effects that are unusually well achieved.

But strangely enough, few of us approach our movies with anything like this attitude. For too many of us, a movie is something to see in a vacuum, with little appreciation of effective techniques and a tragic toleration for what is often shoddy, silly or simply uninspired. And when we consider that "the movies" occupy probably a greater share of our spare-time moments than any other form of recreation, this viewing-in-a-vacuum becomes downright regrettable.

A greater enjoyment and a more profitable use of the time each of us invariably spends at the movies could be had if we would undertake two projects: (1) to budget our movie-going, choosing as candidates for our spare hours only those films which reviews other than press-agented blurbs have indicated are worth while, and (2) to build up a capacity for appreciating the different phases of film creation—plot, dialogue, direction, music, art—so that excellencies in these fields will bring to us their own special pleasure, just as effectively-rendered music brings to one who can recognize it a pleasure all its own.

There is a third and even more important viewpoint from which we might profitably approach whatever we have selected as our movie fare—that of considering it as an example of a particular art form.

For since they portray contemporary life to us, movies have become a contemporary art form. And since any such portrayal plays a part in the development of the cultural pattern of our time, how the movies function as interpreters is of vital concern to all of us.

Any art form exists not only to provide pleasure in itself, but even more importantly, to fulfill this unique and lasting function of interpretation. If it performs this function well, it will make those who experience it more aware of the true meaning of their own lives, of the nature and the significance of the lives of others and of the events which take place in the world at large.

If we are at all concerned that a better world should come out of the struggles of the present, we need to observe whether the movies we see are contributing to a true understanding of the world that exists, are pointing toward an achievement of a richer, more fruitful way of life. As they do so, they are fulfilling their true function as a form of art; as they fail to do so, as they give us only trivial, sugar-coated hours of entertainment with no relation to things as they are and no vision of things as they might be, they have failed to justify

the time and money their producers have spent to create them, and the money we have spent to get past the box office to view them.

Some movies are worthy of praise for their achievement beyond the mere surface, beyond the trite and the banal, in saying something significant and saying it so artistically that we are stirred emotionally, that we make it a valued part of our experience for all time. During the past months we have had an interpretation of the beauty of simple, unselfish faith in *The Song of Bernadette*; of the tragedy of intolerance and sudden hate in *The Ox-Bow Incident*; of the fleeting relationship between present and future in the whimsical *It Happened Tomorrow*; of understanding and forbearance between youth and age in *Going My Way*; of the oft-ignored truth that goodness must often triumph only spiritually, may exist for its own reward, in *Voice in the Night*.

Still, too often what we find when we set out to put "a movie" into our spare time budget is simply a story told in a vacuum, devoid of emotion, a story that tickles our eyeballs, perhaps, because it is pleasant to watch and because it tells us again that all is rosy and fine because the right boy will get the right girl in the end. But when we come away with no more than that, we might as well have stayed home in the first place and read a "true romance," for we will have gained no new insight into human relations, no

new conception of ourselves or of others, no realization of any truth—or falsehood either—no emotion to stir us into any sort of awareness.

If we are to do the best thing possible by ourselves, we need to approach each movie we see with a demand that it *give* us something: an insight into life and those who live it, an understanding where our attitudes before were hazy, a broadening of emotional experience, a glimpse of the possibilities of the human spirit. We need to demand something more than a smoothly-oiled plot sequence, or a spectacular scene that makes us "oh" and

"ah" at its splendor. We need to demand that *something* about each movie we see—the truth it seeks to portray, perhaps; or the artistry with which that truth is said; or the relationship it displays between people and people or between people and ideas; or perhaps merely the music which permeates and controls—that this something should be such as to have made us the gainers for having seen the film. Otherwise, the dollars we spend on movies annually, along with the one hundred million or so others spent on them, might just as well have been thrown down the drain.

Among Current Films

Between Two Worlds (War.) is a remake of "Outward Bound," but it loses much of the suspense of the original because you know from the first that the people aboard a mysterious ship are already dead. Characters are sketchily portrayed, so that you feel that you know these people only in a dream, vaguely, and there is less motion than a motion picture has a right to use. The picture of humanity we get from the types displayed is anything but an encouraging one. The entire film, while thoughtful, is best described as *fair*. (John Garfield, Edmund Gwenn, Paul Henreid, Eleanor Parker.)

Going My Way (Par.) is demonstrating by its phenomenal success wherever shown that there is an audience welcome for films that are primarily concerned about human relationships, and that those relationships do not necessarily need to be romantic ones. Here, they exist between a young, liberal priest and his crotchety, rather selfish, but lovable predecessor. There is much pleasant humor, a great deal of insight into human nature, and delightful songs. *Excellent*. (Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald, Frank McHugh, Rise Stevens.)

Heroes Are Made (Soviet film; dialogue in Russian, with English titles) is *valuable* for those who would gain an insight into the ideals, the history of present-day Russian youth. It tells the story of a teen-age boy in the Ukraine in the revolution of 1917-18, and of his quick development into a youthful leader in the struggle against the counter measures taken at that time by a German army. It is based on the autobiography of Ostrovsky, for many years a hero of Soviet youth. In the course of the rugged action, there are examples of the peculiar Russian skill of handling masses of people in montage so that an artistic, impressionistic effect is attained.

Once Upon a Time (Col.) is in the nature of a fantasy, based on a Norman Corwin radio sketch about a boy with a dancing caterpillar, a cynical man who tries to betray them both and in the process of so doing gets a glimpse of something beyond the workaday world which has until then been his only province. It is nicely done, entertaining as to plot, and it carries a glimpse of something, part satire, part sermon, beyond the mere surface. *Creditable*. (Janet Blair, Ted Donaldson, Cary Grant.)

Secrets of Scotland Yard (Rep.) is one of those surprise films you happen on once in a while—made without benefit of famous stars or elaborate settings, but which turn out by their very simplicity and by virtue of a skillful director to be far more entertaining than their

spectacular, highly advertised brothers. It is a simple spy melodrama, set in London early in the present war, but it achieves just what a spy melodrama should—suspense, uncertainty as to who the real culprit is, delineation of character so that you recognize each person as an individual. *Suspenseful spy fare*. (Lionel Atwill, Edgar Barrier, Stephanie Bachelor, C. Aubrey Smith.)

The Story of Dr. Wassell (Par.) provided a challenging opportunity to tell a story of simple devotion and courage in the life of a former missionary doctor, who through great difficulty succeeded in evacuating his naval charges from Java in the early part of the Japanese invasion. Instead, we have an elaborate, super-colossal spectacle in technicolor, with about as little relation to reality and to truth and significance as can be imagined. Indicative of its motivation is the fact that the camera dwells long on the beauties of sarong-clad native nurses who fawn stupidly on the Americans, and that the reason for Dr. Wassell's deciding to be a missionary doctor in the first place is the picture of a pretty nurse on some mission-appeal literature. Note: He finds the girl, and after considerable roaming about the story unites them at the end. *A tragic waste of good possibilities*. (Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, Signe Hasso, Dennis O'Keefe.)

This Is the Life (Univ.) is a *pleasant* story, told with much the spirit and feeling of the old Deanna Durbin films. It is good hearted, light weight, tuneful. (Susanna Foster, Donald O'Connor, Peggy Ryan.)

Voice in the Night (UA) is a brooding, somber film; one less interested in the mere story it has to tell than in setting forth a mood, in demonstrating in beautifully acted and scored sequences the truth that good does not always triumph physically over evil, that it must often be its own reward. Acting is of the highest order; dialogue is beautiful in itself, and the diction with which it is spoken of a high quality not often found in a movie. The plot is vaguely outlined, and there are gaps in the action that are imperfectly accounted for. But as a movie that pictures a beauty that can never die, a beauty of soul and relationships and human striving, this is one that cannot be too highly praised. Recording of the piano music that plays a large part of its own in the story, that permeates the whole film and gives it a definite emotional character, is of the best. For those who are interested in seeing the movies attempt something beyond the conventional plot movement, this is *worth studied attention*. (J. Edward Bromberg, Sigrid Gurie, Francis Lederer, J. Carroll Naish.)

"Understand Thyself!"

Isn't it time we turned from our preoccupation with machines and gadgets and gave our attention to the adult concerns of understanding ourselves and our societies? It is a truism that physical science has so far outrun social understanding that, like Frankenstein, humanity is in danger of being destroyed by its own inventions.

Many people think it visionary to try to improve our own lives and relationships. They feel they have closed the whole subject with "You can't change human nature."

Well, we haven't changed the nature of the physical universe, but by understanding it we have turned it in myriad ways to our service and our convenience. We didn't set aside the force of gravity when we learned to fly. We didn't have to amend the laws of stress and strain, we only had to understand them, in order to build bridges and skyscrapers or to drive engines a hundred miles an hour. We didn't change the climate, yet by central heating we make ourselves comfortable through the coldest winters and by air-cooling devices we are beginning to have equal comfort in the hottest summers. We didn't alter the laws of biology to breed fleet horses and fat hogs, to grow corn and wheat of far finer quality than anything known in a wild state, even to devise such serviceable hybrids as mules and grapefruit.

So with human nature it is not a matter of "changing" the fundamental drives and instincts; it is simply a matter of understanding these forces and turning them to more constructive and wholesome channels than the strifes and frustrations that make up so much of life, even in the midst of our material plenty.

—Edwin R. Embree in *Living Together*

"What Price Glory?"

Part of the price that must be paid for athletic success is in the physical realm—hours of practice and conditioning, an unbroken plan or routine for food, rest, and appropriate types of relaxation, an upgrading of abilities and speed so that one does not remain merely the contender but can gain the championship.

Much more important, in the matter of reaching top performance in athletics are the mental and spiritual prices that must be paid by the man who has his eyes on a championship. All great athletes know that loose living and success do not go hand in hand. Athletes whom I have seen drinking soon disappeared from the ranks and even while they stayed they ceased to be a factor in the race.

—Gil Dodds in *The Allied Youth for May* 1944

Such Stuff as Dreams Are Made On

J. Olcott Sanders

THE zest of life springs from imagination. We escape being automatons through our ability to project past experience into the future in new and creative combinations. We enrich our play with the "as if" that brings past and future together in the present. We produce works of art by putting into concrete form our synthesizing insights into life and nature. Sometimes we create false images—imaginings that are untrue to life seen in its wholeness—and then we become slaves to the destructive gods of fear and worry.

But in a healthy mind imagination usually takes the pleasant and enjoyable forms of play, daydreams, dreams, and art. When we did not mention work as such, we did not mean to suggest that work cannot call on the imagination, but when it does it takes on the nature of play or art.

Nor is it childish to use the imagination. In fact, an infant cannot imagine in any real sense, because imagination requires material; it must be based on previous experience and observation; it develops with the maturing person. The fuller a person makes his life, the more food for imagination he has. Now children often have more vivid imaginations because they have not learned to think in generalizations. And sometimes when we see how far away from concrete references more mature persons get in their thinking and speaking, and the consequent tangle of their rational processes, we feel it might be better to become as little children.

Taking to heart our own criticism at this point, let's stop this generalized wandering and propose something specific. Now that dreams are definitely in style with "Lady in the Dark" and other plays and movies, we suggest focusing on "such stuff as dreams are made on" with an IMAGINATION PARTY.

Announcements can borrow from the techniques of Dali and the other surrealists, whose art is closest to the dream world. Ask everyone to come garbed as they wish they were (vocation or lack of it, changed financial status, or even possibly some animal reincarnation); a similar purpose might be achieved by having a table of makeup materials and assorted costumes at the door. I myself would be tempted to come in the spirit of the song:

I wish I were a rhinosaurarius, a hippopotamii, ha-ha-ha-ha.

But since I am not and never can hope to be

A rhinosaurarius, a hippopotamii,
I'm a June bug, I'm a beetle.

I can buzz and hit my head against a tree, ha-ha-ha-ha.

(The tune, incidentally, borders on "I'm a Pilgrim and I'm a Stranger.")

The test for imagination to be administered at the door comes straight from the psychology book (in this case *The Psychology of Normal People* by Tiffin, Knight, and Josey. Heath.) Make a cross with the bars going north and south, and east and west. Now have the subject to hold a pencil on which is tied a string with a weight at the other end; begin with the weight suspended above the center of the cross and as still as possible. The subject is to imagine how the weight would look and feel if it were moving north and south; soon it actually will move that way. Then he is to think in terms of the other directions, and the weight will swing east and west.

Another standard test of imagination that you can borrow for a party is to begin a story and ask each person to write a conclusion. Or you can have a chain story begun by one person in a circle and taken up by the next person. Still a third real test is to display an ink blot and ask each person what it suggests to him; it leaves fullest scope for imagination if you do not mark any one side of the paper as the bottom. You don't have to go as far as Rorschach, who believed that with ink blots he could classify individuals into imagery types and even define types of insanity.

And without psychoanalyzing anybody, you can ask each person to tell his most interesting dream or nightmare; the prize might be a stuffed cloth horse. Dreams of levitation are suggested by joining hands in a circle (not more than ten to a circle) and keeping a feather aloft by blowing.

Hypochondria, the results of an imagination that claims sickness when a person is really quite well, is suggested by the tag game in which the person who is "it" must keep one hand on the part of his body which was touched by the previous "it" while he attempts to tag another person.

"Castles in Spain," subject of daydreams, may be represented by a dominoe or block stacking contest.

In the folk dance field there's the fine Lithuanian "Noriu Miego" with its words:

O I want to go sleep and of my love be dreaming.

For I will think that she is near, and yet it's only seeming.

Among appropriate songs are "Beautiful Dreamer," "The Ash Grove," "Waltzing Matilda" (with its ghost in the last stanza), and "Good Night, Beloved." If you want to close on a worshipful note, use Clifford Bax's hymn calling from vain dreams "Turn Back, O Man," and a selection read from *Dreams* by Olive Schreiner.

In the realm of the fine arts, the music of Debussy seems especially appropriate. If you have two skillful readers, have them read the scene between the man and the daughter-who-might-have-been from Barrie's "Dear Brutus."

After this preachment on imagination, you should be able to take these elements together with more that you conjure up and create a dream of a party.

The Whole Man

A strong, graceful, and active body; an alert, inquisitive, and discriminating mind; a sincere, happy, and generous spirit—these are the evidences of sound health and they are not separate but one. Even though for convenience we speak of body, mind, and spirit, they do not exist apart on this earth and cannot be separated. It is the whole man, the unit of life, that walks, thinks, feels, acts, meditates, inspires—and weakness at any point in his being lessens his total effectiveness.

Four fundamentals of good health. . . . These are fresh air and sunlight; proper food and correct eating habits; regular vigorous activity; adequate rest.

There are certain habits widely practiced by otherwise good and intelligent people which affect health adversely. . . . It is no accident that deaths from heart failure have increased with the spread of the tobacco habit; that insurance losses and auto accidents have gone up with liquor drinking; that as "night life" increases, the divorce rate grows; that gambling and crime are associated.

—Joy Elmer Morgan in *Your Health in the Making*

Getting the Most Out of Music

Warren Steinkraus

Though the majority of students have some appreciation of symphonic music, many of them do not get a fair degree of enjoyment out of much of it. Any composition lasting longer than fifteen minutes is bound to lead to boredom if it is not outstandingly attractive. When this occurs, we tend to feel that either the music is "no good" or that we are immature. Both these feelings can be overcome when we realize some of the reasons causing them and try to develop some qualities lacking in our listening attitudes.

For the most part, great music affects both our intellect and our emotion. When either is affected considerably more than the other, we are not getting the most out of our listening experience. The chief danger does not lie in music overburdening our intellects but in playing too much on our emotions. As Douglas Moore says in his *Listening to Music*, "We accept the pattern of sounds as a relief from the world of reality, allowing ourselves to be carried to some pleasant sphere of fancy where the mind, relieved of its customary duties, and the spirit may be soothed and refreshed." If music did not possess this quality, it would be worthless indeed; but if we appreciate this quality alone, we quickly lose interest. There must be more than surface beauty to music.

This condition is analogous to enjoying the grace and charm of poetry read in a beautiful but unfamiliar language. We enjoy it the first few times but soon tire of it if we do not understand its meaning.

To get the most out of the music we hear does not mean that one should devote all of his leisure time trying to find meaning in music. To develop an appreciation of music requires a period of time as well as a will to do it. Frequent short sessions of concentrated effort are far better than the attempt to hear as much music as possible. That such an effort is highly rewarding needs no defense. Here, then, are some steps we may take to get the most out of music.

Most of our music listening is done through radios and phonographs, and much of our appreciation depends on the quality and handling of these instruments. Large radio sets with good tone are naturally best. Their volume should be adjusted so that the loudest orchestral parts will not blare and so that the soft

portions will not become obscured or distorted. Dormitory dwellers may have trouble convincing housemothers of the need for reasonably loud radios when their favorite orchestra is broadcasting. It is better to rely on the interpretation of the dynamics of the conductor than to readjust the volume when we think the music should be louder or softer.

Ideally, I suppose, music should be able to be appreciated in itself and on the first hearing. But music is not perfect and neither are our abilities of listening. Our second suggestion, then, deals with the proper preparation of the listener before the music is to be heard.

There are several worthwhile guide books to great music, some with elaborate interpretations and others with mere statements of the themes and salient facts about the work. A sample of these which I have found to be very worthwhile is Sigmund Spaeth's *A Guide to Great Orchestral Music*. There are others by Goepp, Upton & Borowski, and a neat pocket sized book which deals with *One Hundred Symphonic Favorites*. Besides

pointing out what to look for in a composition, these guide books tell something of the intent of the composer, significant facts in his life which may have affected his music. Such preparation also helps to put music in its proper historical perspective. A simple, succinct, description of a work is far better than one that goes on for pages, describing in florid and involved musical terminology some episode or modulation.

As well as keeping a notebook listing the works we have heard, together with our brief comments about them, it may be well to prepare a list of all the regularly broadcast programs we wish to hear each week. These may be made up from newspaper announcements or from our own experimental listening-in. Stations specializing in symphonic music, such as WQXR, often publish lists of compositions to be played which are very helpful.

Though it is well to have adequate preparation both in the proper physical apparatus and knowledge, one may get the most out of music if he heeds this one suggestion—concentration. When we

SIGNIFICANT RECORD RELEASES DURING THE SUMMER

BACH	Tocatta and Fugue in E Minor, Rudolf Serkin, pianist	Col. 71594-D
DEBUSSY	Sonata No. 3 for Violin and Piano	Col. Set MX-242
WAGNER	Five Famous Orchestral Excerpts from Wagner Operas. Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra	Col. Set M-549
VICTOR ALBUM P-150	TOMMY DORSEY, STARMAKER	Tommy Dorsey and Orchestra
Col. 36728	DEAR OLD PAL OF MINE WHISPER THAT YOU LOVE ME Vocal Chorus by Don Brown and Five Voices	Tommy Tucker Time
Col. 36725	MOONLIGHT BAY THERE'S A SMALL HOTEL	Claude Thornhill and Orchestra
Col. 36726	SIDE BY SIDE BOLERO AT THE SAVOY	Gene Krupa and Orchestra
Col. Set C-102	BENNY GOODMAN'S SEXTET	(4 records in album)
Victor 20-1593	DON'T TAKE YOUR LOVE FROM ME IT HAD TO BE YOU	Artie Shaw and his Orchestra

try to develop a liking for good music, we must listen to it as we would read a science textbook—carefully and attentively. Symphonic music was not written to be played as an accompaniment to reading or talking, but to be appreciated in itself and for its own sake. A short period of concentrated effort is far better than an hour or more of casual listening.

This concentration should take the form of training the mind to follow melodic and rhythmical passages as they occur. It does not mean the attempt to associate the music with some objective scene or mental picture. Nor does it mean a detailed, critical analysis of the structure of the work, though this may have value. The psychological process may be compared with that we experience when we hum or sing. We think in terms of tones not in terms of pictures the tones may represent to us. When it is difficult

to listen to complicated harmonic patterns, we may follow the notes of one instrument, paying attention to it throughout a whole composition. It is quite common even to hear persons sing along with a composition which is being played. I have heard both Dr. Koussevitzky and Dr. Rodzinski do it as they conducted their orchestras. It is almost total projection into the music.

It may be well to vary one's approach, however, for we are apt to grow tired of the conscious attempt at following music. In long works, it may be well for the recently initiated to sit idly by and dream. But eventually as we gain listening experience, we can supplant this entirely with the ideal way to listen—carefully but without conscious effort of attention. We are then on our way toward getting the most out of music.

Music Briefs

New York University brought the Hit Parade to its college classroom this summer in a special course in industrial music. The history and development of the field, beneficial results of industrial music in war plants, and discussions of programming were included in the course. Planned programs of recorded music played to workers at their jobs over internal broadcasting systems seem to have a real effect on the workers' efficiency.

* * *

Of considerable significance is the announcement from London that the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts has agreed to support financially the whole of the work of the major orchestras in Britain. This was done to meet the demand expressed in the statement: "A Symphony orchestra must be no longer regarded as a luxury but as a social service. It has become clear that the public needs the best music."

radio

Are You Listening?

Robert Steele

If the hit musical play "Oklahoma" were to listen for forty-nine years, it would finally reach the audience which "Fibber McGee and Molly" averages reaching in one day. In 1942 the people of the United States spent \$250,000,000 for radios. Advertisers that year spent \$192,000,000 for radio time. The cost of a half-hour Tuesday evening program averages \$600,000; at this rate and with present audiences five families may listen to this program for a penny. In proportion to the millions of people whom radio reaches, it is cheap. But it makes for big business and mass entertainment. And radio is still young and growing. Public broadcasting is just past voting age.

In this department for the coming year, we will attempt to learn more about radio—its achievements, its failures, and its potentialities. The way to do this is to listen to radio. Each month we will look at a new program or be reminded of an old one that has been forgotten. We will look at radio programs and activities which are being carried on by some of our colleges and universities. We will meet people who are doing interesting and significant and often unknown work in radio. We will look at radio critically. Popularity is now the test for the success of the bulk of radio. We will look for other tests. David Sarnoff, the president of Radio Corpora-

tion of America, has said, "The ultimate contribution of radio will be its service toward the unification of the life of the nations." Radio will more attain that place of service as we begin to look at it more critically. Music, drama, painting, and literature all went through the same growing-up process. The time for radio to join these arts is here.

It is hoped that the readers of *motive* may become more aware of the opportunities and responsibilities of radio. Tell us about the programs which you like—the ones which you want *motive* readers not to miss. Tell us what your college or your community is doing in radio. Tell us what you would like to see in the radio of the future.



On Robert Steele

Bob Steele is at present on the staff of an NBC affiliate, WKPT, Kingsport, Tennessee. He is a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University and the Hartford Seminary Foundation. This past summer he attended the National Broadcasting Company-Northwestern University Radio Institute held in Evanston and Chicago. His home is in the "land of the sky" which is also known as Asheville, North Carolina. Bob's hobby is Ingrid Bergman. When he takes time off from his hobby he thinks about the Public Service work in radio and television which he would like to do in the future. Bob believes that radio and television are something new under the sun, and that through them new and better relations can be built among people.

October, 1944

It Takes a Nerve

In Remembrance of a Meeting

NINE hundred Methodist youth tried to face the reality of a war-wrecked world on the shores of Lake Geneva a month ago. Their elders and their leaders called this meeting a "convocation." They sang, they talked, they dated with a new intensity, and they listened and worked. When they were not sitting at the feet of Dr. Allen Knight Chalmers or cooperating in the work projects around College Camp, or trying desperately to keep warm, they were working with skilled leaders in drama, choral speech, music or radio-fashioned programs. Theirs was a full day, uninterrupted by the lull of night, cut off only by the sudden interruption of a watchman to tell them of the night.

They were busy, these Methodist youth, busy about many things that sometimes gave to their coming together a sense of frustration and of desperation. They tried to be realistic in too lovely a setting, with too little to call from them their highest and noblest resolves. They rebelled at commissions after worship and speeches, but they threw themselves wholeheartedly into the creative interest hours, into folk dancing and into the evening programs where the arts and religion were brought together. They listened to speeches by G. Ray Jordan and John Irwin, a sermon by Karl Downs; they were made conscious of demobilization by J. Gordon Chamberlin and to relocation problems by Perry Saito.

One man can make a conference seem worth while, and one man gave this second national meeting of united Methodist young people peculiar significance. Youth were called out of their smugness and middle-class confusion by Dr. Chalmers. His poetic speech punctuated with dramatic action gave new life to old conference procedure. Seldom if ever had they heard anything like the story of Butch who became in a way the dramatic symbol of the conference. Butch, an east-side New York boy, had told Dr. Chalmers that "Jesus had a nerve," after he had listened to the significant story of Jesus chasing the money changers out of the temple. It was this statement about nerve which translated itself into the question which these young people felt ultimately they must answer. Did they have the nerve to go back into their towns, their communities and their schools, into the armed forces of the country, to demonstrate the nerve they knew was in Jesus? Did they have the mind which was in Jesus, did they know his courage, did they have any ideas of what it took to do what Jesus had done?

These young people did not have this question answered for them. But in the quiet moments of worship, in the glow of an emotional response to beauty, in the heart-warming of friendship, in the soul-lifting of a fine dramatic moment, they reached for the ideals that guided them. They climbed on the shoulders of great men of the past to get to new heights. One, two, perhaps ten, answered the question. And that made Geneva worth while. If out of this desolation, two, three or twelve know what it takes to achieve a destiny that belongs to Christians at this time, then Geneva, 1944, will be a meeting of high purpose.

What was unique about this convocation? The easy answer is, "the evening hours" under the leadership of Alvin Voran, Roy Hendricks, Jerry Walker and Mrs. Joe Brown Love. This does not mean that there were not other—and for some, more important values. It simply means that on four evenings, young people saw anew the meeting of the arts and religion. The arts lost their traditional aloofness to become the interpretative medium through which life at its highest moments became real. The arts became at once both a window and a mirror to see into the heart of things, to look below the

surface, and to reflect so much that is beautiful and ugly in this pretty fine damaged world of ours.

A new play by Fred Eastman, *A Man's Monument*, put on by The Wesley Foundation of the University of Wisconsin, under the direction of Mrs. Oscar Adam, brought to the Geneva group a new appeal for cooperatives in this year of the hundredth anniversary of the cooperative movement. They heard music from a choir that had been miraculously turned into a glorious singing body; they watched a radio-fashioned evening of sketches suggesting certain important events in the church calendar, and on the final evening they participated in a service of worship that used all of the arts to pull together the high moments of the convocation.

Nine hundred Methodist youth went home from Geneva still asking whether they had the nerve. Butch is in another part of the world fighting. These young people at home felt a new urgency. How they will answer this question and live their lives, how much they will take realistically even a small part of the lift of Geneva will be a portent of the future and an evidence of things to come.

The Gist of Geneva

Make up your life—not just your mind. Do the first thing you can see to do, then the next, and the next.

*O God, that bread should be so dear
And human flesh so cheap.*

You can't tell Christians by the way they look, but you can tell 'em by the way they look at the people around them, and at the world.

The voice and spirit of Marion Downs.

Ideals are like stars. You may not reach them with your hands but by following them you may reach your destination.

You can tell Christians, Butch, by the way they react to "what's the use?"

Men climb mountains on the shoulders of other men.

The dramatic voice of Mrs. Perry Saito.

*The young dead soldiers do not speak.
Nevertheless they are heard in the still houses.
Who has not heard them?*

*They say:
Our deaths are not ours,
They are yours.
They will mean what you make them.*

Greetings, young Methodists, from far side of world which strangely mingles death with courage. This is your opportunity. Carry on!—Richard Baker.

(A cable from somewhere in China by way of Chungking.)

STATEMENT OF INTENTION

WE, servicemen of the United States of America, are fighting together to win this war and to keep it won. This work will not end with military victory. Therefore, to all who believe as we do, we propose a conference, called as early as possible after demobilization, for the purpose of forming an American veterans' organization.

First among that organization's aims will be freedom of speech, worship, the press and the ballot, and the freedom of every individual to improve his economic position.

We shall encourage maximum private enterprise, but enterprise which respects organized labor as an important partner in the development of the highest standard of living possible for all our people. We shall support necessary public regulation of business, thorough-going social security, and government ownership wherever that best serves the common welfare.

We expect higher taxes in the years after the war, but we have no fear of taxes as long as they are levied on the basis of ability to pay, and as long as America produces as successfully for peace as it has done for war.

In every community we shall work to elect intelligent political representatives who think first of the nation's good and only second of special groups or districts. We shall be against anyone who uses freedom to destroy freedom. We shall oppose communism and fascism in America, whatever their disguises. But we will not let ourselves be led into repressive attacks against any patriotic, law-abiding group, however much we may disagree with its beliefs. We shall do all in our power to further friendly relations among all races and religions. Poll taxes, and any other limitation on equal political rights, must be abolished.

We believe that the truth makes man free, and hence look forward to greater national interest in education. We shall favor measures for federal aid to state school systems. We hope to see all American children given a complete knowledge of the best traditions of our country, together with an unprejudiced appreciation of other countries.

So that this war may stay won, we want the United Nations to continue as consulting partners, with the voices of all other nations added. We want nations with the greatest military, economic, and political power to cooperate in stopping any future threat to world peace as soon as that threat appears.

We see no hope for peace and prosperity as long as some nations are isolated by economic barriers. We shall be ready, therefore, to work for any practical international agency that will promote world trade and economic expansion everywhere. We shall be against high tariffs in all countries.

We shall encourage postwar relief for war-stricken peoples, not excluding the Germans and Japanese. At the same time we shall endorse the complete disarmament of Germany and Japan and the elimination of the power of their militarist classes. We shall be prepared to assist peoples of other lands achieve and keep the freedoms we ourselves hold dear, envisaging some form of self-government as the destiny of all nations and colonies. We shall urge international effort to promote free education throughout the world.

For American veterans, our government will provide mustering-out pay, benefits for those who will have suffered illness or injury through their service, and special aid to veterans who wish to resume their education. These measures are just. We shall strongly oppose any grab-bag attempts to secure unnecessary and undeserved benefits.

These are our aims. We hope that fighting men of other nations will create organizations of their own with similar purposes, so that unity of effort born of war may continue and grow stronger in peace. When we are demobilized, when as American veterans we come together, it will be our job to decide what organization of our making can best further these aims. Those who wish to know more and to join—write Charles G. Bolté, 416 W. 20th St., New York 11, N. Y.

Signed:

Lt. Clifford C. Dancer
Cpl. G. A. Harrison

Sgt. Wadsworth Likely
Capt. Samuel Spencer
Cpl. Edward Ladd

Students and Missions

Winburn T. Thomas

IN July the following letter came to the Student Volunteer Movement office from an ex-student marine in the South Pacific: "I am quite familiar with Christianity in the South Seas from talking with the missionaries of the various islands. I was the only white pastor in the Ellice Group for four months, and turned in a report to the London Missionary Society. I have spent thirteen months in British Samoa, and speak the language fluently. I read the Samoan New Testament to keep up. When I was in the Marshalls I discussed Christian work with the native pastors, and intend to do so throughout my tour of duty in this area. Even as I write this I am heading for the Marianas, and after the battle is over I am looking forward to talking over Christianity with the people. I do not wish to make any concrete plans at present for my future is uncertain, but I wish to prepare myself in every way possible for my life work."

This marine is typical of hundreds of service men who plan to be commissioned as missionaries at the close of the war, but who are using even their present experiences as a training period for the greater task which faces them when their sole weapons will be love and good will.

It is but natural that he and others like him should contact the Student Volunteer Movement for assistance and advice as he prepares for world Christian service. We have recruited over 75 per cent of the men and 70 per cent of the women missionaries of North America, so estimated Dr. John R. Mott five years ago. Nor has our influence been confined to North America alone. Robert Wilder who founded the Movement was instrumental in beginning a similar work in England and Sweden. The Student Dedication Movement of China, which received its inspiration directly from the SVM, has recruited over 1,000 enthusiastic Chinese students for missionary activity since it was started about seven years ago. Today we are conducting an educational program in colleges designed to help the 122 North American agencies sending workers abroad. These societies are looking for at least 1,000 persons for appointment during the war years. The latest number of *Christian Horizons*, published by the Student Volunteer Movement, lists 666 specific foreign openings and requests by seventeen agencies alone. 120 of these are postwar

reserves for fields at present closed. Several thousands more will be needed when the war is over to undertake the new tasks and to fill the ranks that have been depleted by the war. Some of these are now being appointed or signed by the boards with the understanding that they will go to their fields of their appointment as soon as conditions permit. Missions agencies are building up reserves of hundreds of doctors, nurses, teachers, and ministers, as well as agriculturists, engineers, literacy experts, etc., for this purpose. Christ was neither repatriated on the "Gripsholm" nor are his followers in America anticipating any reduction of Christian activity in the younger church lands where His spirit continues to work.

While it would be a mistake to say there is a student missionary uprising in this country, it is true that there has been a marked increase in student interest in missions within the past few months. The number of signers of the Student Volunteer Movement *Declaration of Purpose* tripled during the first six months of 1944 as contrasted with the preceding half-year period. Life service groups and missionary inquiry societies have been founded in schools where formerly there had been little interest in missions. Dozens of students request interviews with college missionary speakers. The Wooster Student Planning Conference on the World Mission of the Church, was a demonstration that missions can still be made a vital subject to students. A professor in a state teachers' college who assigned Frank Laubach's *The Silent Billion Speak*, reported that girls who previously had never had any interest in world Christianity completed the book in a single sitting and thanked her for having made it compulsory reading. Seventy-five of the 500 student delegates to the June 1944 Lakeside Conference of the United Christian Youth Movement came to a special meeting called by popular request to learn about missionary openings and training requirements.

"The Evangelization of the World in this Generation" was the slogan of the SVM for half a century. Though the vocabulary is not understood by most college students today, the majority of those volunteering for overseas Christian service are still dominated by the same imperative. This watch-cry of the Student Volunteer Movement continues to speak to hundreds of students of humanity's

need for Christ. Sample students with whom I have counselled recently include a chemistry major at the University of Illinois who hopes to combine his scientific knowledge with YMCA activity in some Chinese city. Another was a Georgian who after majoring in student work at Yale hopes to find her place among government school students of some Near Eastern land. A third is a ministerial student who plans to become a rural preacher and friend to the farmers in India. A fourth is going to Hawaii to work among the Japanese populace there in order to prepare for postwar service in Japan. In every case these youth felt the compulsion to share with non-Christians abroad, what the Christian faith means to them.

The second largest group of persons interested in missions are attracted because of a desire to participate in the postwar task of reconstruction and relief. These are genuinely religious spirits whose love for humanity causes them to see their responsibility where the physical need is greatest. Since China and Europe are in the headlines, their thoughts turn to these areas as possible fields of service. They do not see themselves as lifetime workers engaged in churchwork, though many of them would be willing to continue indefinitely if the need should exist.

A responsibility lies upon the churches to help these young people find openings for creative service. While youth's belief in its power to build may be theologically unsound and historically unjustified, young people cannot understand why they cannot relate themselves, their efforts and altruism, to the needs of the world. If they be answered that only trained people, equipped with the language, can work effectively, they will point to the 100 young ambulance drivers in China, the twenty-five workers on the reconstruction unit in Puerto Rico, and the services being performed by conscientious objectors in schools for the feeble-minded and institutions for mental defectives. Youth is not primarily interested in building ecclesiastical institutions, at least not the youth who feel the call to reconstruction and relief. Rather, the challenge is the problem of human need, and the conviction that they can speak of love more effectively through actions than through sermons. Should the missions boards be unable to sponsor youth reconstruction projects, the emergency agencies of the churches, such as the wartime service

commissions, may need to undertake these responsibilities. There has been no such willingness on the part of youth to give itself since the last war as is incipient in this urge to reconstruction.

Those who constitute the third largest missionary minded group of students have been attracted by the ecumenical movement. The faith of the younger churches is proof to our generation that there is vitality and power in the world Christian fellowship. By strengthening the Chris-

tian forces around the world and forging them into a unit Christian youth believes that the level of life can be raised, world peace achieved, and American Christianity revitalized. This latter point of view is illustrated by the remark of a young missionary appointee to Mexico, who claimed he was going abroad because he loves the American church. "Then why not remain in America?" I asked. "Because American Christianity needs missionaries if it is to do its job. I'm going

out to train missionaries for the United States," he explained.

There is drama in the reconstruction interpretation of Christian missions, which appeals to youth; they envisage themselves working with the Christians of the younger church lands as colleagues in an effort to strengthen the world Christian fellowship at points where the quantity of need is greatest.

(This article was given by Dr. Thomas, the secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, as a radio address.)

Shouts AND Murmurs

By the editor

Financial note:

When you are filling out blanks for scholarships or loans, don't think you are Scott free of debt just because you haven't borrowed any money. Our little accounting department at Washington has just announced that each one of us owes \$1,510 as our share of the national debt. We only owed \$412 on November 30, 1941, but since that day we have had rather expensive shooting parties in several parts of the globe, and the job has been costly. During July of this year, the debt increased \$54 per capita. Our gross public debt stood at \$208,573,594,-426 at the first of August. This is our legacy to our children!

Unable to see the trees for—

The Catholic Order of Foresters have been having a convention in Chicago along with the Lions and the Modern Woodmen. Quite a time—this, when the Foresters get together with the Woodmen and hold the Lions at bay. We tried to find out what one did at a convention of Lions, but we never succeeded because most of the Lions were cavorting on the beaches, at *Oklahoma* or at the ball game. As far as we know, the Foresters were the only religious group, although like the Republicans and the Democrats and the Houses of Congress, there was lip service in prayer. What we started to say was that the Foresters got a smack-bang in the face when Captain A. J. Hoffman, much decorated chaplain for the Italian campaign, told them that "the boys at the front are not interested in politics; they do not understand why their families at home should be begged to buy war bonds; and they are be-

wildered by what they hear of racial prejudice in their home towns." Well, Chaplain, we're bewildered, too!

The Fifth Freedom

A high school paper we read occasionally came right out on its front page for a fifth freedom—the freedom to laugh. And in its enthusiasm to show us that we can still laugh, the editor of the paper said: "In America, free America . . . you can turn on your radio and laugh at a comedian's jokes. You can laugh at a story a friend is telling you. Yes, you can even laugh about people and incidents of national importance without being punished." That's right—you can, but our fifth freedom is not the freedom to laugh at these things—it's the freedom we enjoy in not having to do it!

D. T.'s

Dorothy Thompson calls her syndicated column *On the Record*. Just for the record, we'd like to point out that the thoughts bandied about by these writers of columns often have far-reaching effects. We were recently in a large mid-western city where Miss Thompson was speaking. We passed the auditorium and thought that a prize fight was in progress, so great was the crowd. The morning after, the local newspaper gave the speech a double spread first page notice, and the reporter wrote as if an oracle had spoken.

Cook, housekeeper and Bishop

Bishop Berggrav in his country home just outside of Oslo is imprisoned in that he is not allowed to have guests and can see members of his immediate family

only occasionally. In addition to translating the New Testament into modern Norwegian, a recent dispatch says that he is well pleased over his cooking and cleaning ability. This, just for the consolation of mess sergeants and boys who take home economics. You just never can tell when cooking will come in handy—and for that matter, the ability to keep clean as well!

Registrar's office

Enrollment of civilian students in universities and colleges has dropped 44 per cent since 1939. Publicly controlled institutions lost 53.3 per cent, while private and church colleges lost only 35.7 per cent. Reason? More women in the latter!

Morale

The best definition of morale is one given by an American Negro soldier. He said, "Morale is where when your legs do what your brain knows ain't possible."

Indeed, Mr. Douglas!

Lloyd Douglas, popular novelist, was soundly thrashed this summer by the student newspaper of the University of Nebraska for some remarks he made about the Japanese people. The occasion was a baccalaureate address to 500 students. He is quoted as saying, "We used to refer to the Japanese as the polite little brown men who are making such a gallant effort to become fully civilized; and many of their more ardent admirers said that if only we understood the Japanese we would realize that, under the skin, we are brothers. Well, now we understand them; anyone who wants them for his brothers is at liberty to exercise his exotic taste—but they are no relation to me."

This, by the author of *The Robe*! Enough said!

October, 1944

Reply by
Pedro Smith
University of Virginia

LEST you criticize the inadequacy of my reply, let me first outline the difficulties involved in it. The human mind seems to be haunted with persistent misconceptions carrying the weight of centuries which arise because man so often seeks knowledge from his own inadequate experiences and from the experiences related by others sharpened to suit the ax they have to grind. The conclusions which he reaches from such a procedure are usually to support some dogma already held.

Now, when one wishes to refute a misconception, he must gather a sufficient amount of evidence in the form of experience to show that he is presenting knowledge. For instance, just before the Franco-Prussian war a Frenchman, Count Arthur Gobineau, published a lengthy treatise, *Essai sur l'Inégalité des races humaines* (*Essay on the Inequality of Human Races*), in which he exhibits an amazing disgust for democracy and hatred of humanity. These books inspired the Aryan race theory now propounded by Germany with such horrible results. He took a few "facts" and "proofs," and with a play on emotion and national hates, whipped them into a nebulous vapor much as Spengler has done with geopolitics. To refute Gobineau has required the relentless work of such men as the noted anthropologist Franz Boas over a period of half a century of accumulating an endless amount of data. How then, Skeptic, am I to refute your falsehoods covering an even wider field in a few lines? Well, at least I can indicate a few of your follies.

Your letter seemed basically to be an expression of your own misconceptions of human nature. In the section entitled "Environment Makes the Man," and in fact, implicitly throughout all your letter, you promote the position of determinism and the idea that no one can reconstruct himself as there is no such thing as free will. Along with many partially educated people you hold the view that, since the physical sciences, given the environment, can predict future events exactly for simple systems of particles and energy, the future of a man is also determined since he is only a complex physical entity. This only proves that a little bit of education will surely make a fool out of a man. If you had taken more than a year or two of physics and chemistry in college, and had taken a course in that branch of physics known as quantum mechanics, you probably would not hold such a naive position. You would have learned that back in 1927 Werner Heisenberg demonstrated that in the realm of physical sciences there is a definite uncertainty implicit in determining future events even of the simplest physical nature. Hence, human actions may not be entirely determined by the electronic and atomic configurations of the body, and there is room for free will. This does not say that environment has nothing to do with making the man. It says simply that we do not know how much it makes him. We do know that it is by no means the whole story.

You begin with a string of unqualified dogmas such as, "That all sounds basic, but it is the shout of escape," which I gather, are to prove that an individual cannot reconstruct himself. Thereafter, you proceed to evade the issue by saying that I would use the concept of *imago Dei* to prove that the individual is capable of reconstruction. Well, I most certainly would not. This section only serves to illustrate perfectly your wanton use of falsehoods to get your point over.

What is really human nature? I am still asking that question. Finally, what is all this rot on "The Major Sins"? How are you defining sin anyway? What does your statement have to do with the usual definition that sin is disobedience to the will of God?

Let's hope that your next letter will make more sense.

Imago Dei

By Robert

Dear Sophs:

When I bargained to skirmish with you on paper, I never dreamed we would have to begin at a level so stale, flat and unprofitable. Just look. *motive* begins a new year by aiming to reconstruct the individual. The editor must have been converted to religion; he tackles the impossible.

To begin with, observe the dangers. When you undertake to remake the individual, you retreat from the social struggle. Defeated dreamers run for cover. Tired old men excuse themselves, "The trouble is inside men. Change their hearts first." They quote the proverb, "Physician, heal thyself." Reformer, reform yourself. Become something before you remake others. That all sounds basic, but it is the shout of escape. Watch: you cannot hoist up your own behavior in a vacuum; you improve yourself only as you work outside yourself. Jesus was no fool. "Whosoever would lose his life"—that is, forget about himself and his own petty purity and improvement—"shall find it."

Man the Image of God?

Further, when you try to reconstruct the individual, what do you work on? All you have is human nature working on human nature. Oh, but man is made in the image of God, you say. That Christian dogma, where does it take you?

If man is *imago Dei*, it must mean that God created him. That is no distinction. God created the beasts, too, the snakes and sharks and poisons. You do not blame the beasts for being beasts, nor the snakes for being poisonous—then how can you let a man glory in being a man? It isn't his making.

Imago Dei must mean also that man's mind and spirit take on the quality of God's. Man learns to think God's thoughts after him. But where do we make any headway at that job? Men used to hunt scalps in the jungle; nowadays we skin men other ways: squeeze them out in business, cheat them in the classroom, snub them in fraternities. Men have never behaved so infernally. How dare you say we are thinking God's thoughts after him? Where is this image of God you boast about?

Three monkeys sat in a coconut tree
Discussing things as they're said to be.
Said one to the others, "Now listen, you two,
There's a certain rumor that can't be true,
That man descended from our noble race.
The very idea! It's a dire disgrace.
No monkey ever deserted his wife,
Starved her baby, and ruined her life.
And you've never known a mother monk
To leave the babies with others to bunk,
Or pass them on from one to another
'Til they scarcely know who is their mother.
And another thing! You'll never see
A monk build a fence around a coconut tree,
And let the coconuts go to waste,
Forbidding all other monks a taste.
Why, if I put a fence around this tree
Starvation would force you to steal from me.
Here's another thing a monk won't do:
Go out at night and get on a stew;
Or use a gun or club or knife
To take another monkey's life.
Yes, man descended, the ornery cuss,
But, brother, he didn't descend from us!"

What Is Really Human Nature?

Still another thing is meant by the *imago Dei*. A man is supposed to be discontent with the earth, to yearn for things intangible, to dream of things invisible to mortal sight. Some

et Imago Devil

H. Hamill

men may, but most of us are earthly, and—what is significant—satisfied to be earthly. The movie producers know what is in man: an appetite to be drenched with a fake standard of success and to be sexually excited. Business men know what a man is made of: a craving that can be tricked into buying goods, however shoddy, if advertising shouts long enough to wear down his resistance. Newspapers and magazines know, too: people are bored, and want to escape from real life and revel in the private details of other men's lives, fact or fiction. Liquor salesmen know: if a man stays sober all his life, people think him unfit for society. These men tell you what human nature really is. Don't argue that they are mistaken. Their success proves that they estimate human nature correctly. By what arrogance does Christianity dare to refute the plain facts? Human nature is not some ideal *imago Dei*, but it is what it is, and you cannot get away from it. To call it the image of God is an insult to God. Better say, image of the Devil.

Environment Makes the Man

Ideals don't make a man better. Some years ago, the expert psychologists, Hartshorne and May, studied the behavior of school children—not their beliefs, mind you, but their conduct—concerning honesty. They found that Sunday school children were not a slice more honest than the "heathen" toughs from across the tracks, and Boy Scouts were a little less honest than the average boys. Dreams of what they ought to be, the be-good-now ideals, made them no better in practice.

The Church of All Nations proved the same thing when it launched its work deliberately in the worst criminal section of Los Angeles. Within a few years those people who lived within one block of the Church were the freest of crime; those within the next half-mile were next in improvement; those far away from the Church continued their criminal habits. The moral? Outside influences determine behavior, not inner ideals. To improve men, improve their surroundings. All this silly talk about beginning with the individual flies contrary to sociological studies. Science will shortly create a physical environment so healthy and comfortable that men will have less reason for bad behavior; then bad behavior will be cured. Work on the outside of man, if you would heal him.

One further thing disgusts me about this effort to reconstruct the individual. You hear about the need for hearty repentance and confession of sins. These Christians are behind the times. Psychology teaches that brooding over your sins undercuts your self-respect, and makes for a moody disposition.

The Major Sins

The only good thing I find about this concern for self-reconstruction is that it begins to get at the major sins. If a fellow begins to reconstruct himself he will speedily see that his real faults are those plaguing personal habits: smoking, drinking, and dancing—the Unholy Trinity of Evil (with swearing and gambling pressing for places on the ticket). Once students get hot and bothered about those again, the sooner they will be free from this silly concern about intolerance and pride, self-seeking and lust.

Anyhow, the only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it, and so get it out of your system.

Your unreconstructed

Skeptic

Reply by
John Deschner
Yale Divinity School

YOU say a good deal of truth with a bad case of intellectual halitosis. In your mad struggle to be consistent you have chosen only those ideas which fit your pattern, with the sad result that you are almost consistent but not truthful.

It is better to overlook several inconsistencies (in a rationalist, Skeptic, a grievous fault) and some evident ignorance of social psychology to grapple with the heart of the matter. Something needs to be fixed in our society. Agreed! You say that "something" has to be the environment, by simple elimination, because man's nature has been proved miserable and unimprovable in the experience of the race. Christian would agree that the environment needs fixing, but would be forward-looking enough to declare that the past experience of the race need not limit man's effort to show there are also God-like qualities in him.

Let's examine this in more detail. You first hit the derail when you say the effort to remake the individual demands a retreat from the social struggle. Exactly the reverse is true. It seems to be a simple matter of scientific fact that outside a social context, individuals would never become human. If personality is so intimately bound to society, it follows that the effort to change personality inevitably demands some change in society, at least so far as the individual experiences it. I hear you chortling in glee, "That's just the point; we've got to change society." True, but society means more than laws and institutions and mores; it means people. You are guilty of oversimplification when you say the trouble lies in the objective environment, because man is so completely involved in his environment that the effort to change society cannot escape due attention to the man part of it, his motivations, his attitudes, all his dispositions to action. Society and the man are as structure and brick. As the quality of the structure depends upon quality of the materials, so society cannot be changed for the better without giving serious attention to the quality of a man. The two are by nature one. You pry them apart, Christian accepts both.

You err again in your speculations about human nature. You take your notions from literally the most old-fashioned Protestant theology—Calvinism. Science is more optimistic. After an unsavory catalogue of some of man's desires, you proudly declare that the caterers to these desires have found what human nature really is. Any trained psychologist in their advertising departments will tell you these are only some of the ways these desires can be expressed or directed. Your successful college prof uses the same desires to make you a real person. The Christian would like to think of the most efficient integration of these desires as an image of God, for he has seen strange power, always, in all integrated persons. Need he suggest the example of Jesus? Perhaps man does share with beasts the honor of creation at God's hand; he is capable of personality which he doesn't find in beasts. So long as calling the best development of his personality "the image of God" helps man to achieve that best development, the idea is valid, for the God of man must be integrative and not disintegrative to man. Instead of "extreme foolishness," the idea is supremely useful.

Skeptic, your temperament is bad. You sit on your corner of the truth backwards; all your warped vision can see is your small corner. Negativism keeps you from seeing in each case a larger truth. The world's reconstruction must come through both the individual and society. Man is not always the flaccid, listless, servile creature you paint him. Man can be affirmative, greatly challenged, creative, larger than his environment. When he attains to that dignity, he is an image of God.

October, 1944

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**Reply by
Marytha Smith
Ohio Wesleyan University**

IT looks as if we have a big year ahead of us, attempting to reconstruct the individual. We'll have to shed all our 1944 ways of living which are so intimate, and unconscious, and step into some timeless observation tower to see just where we are going to reconstruct man from! We'll have to decide whether we're going to don the moralist's robe, put on the scientist's spectacles or chew the capitalist's cigar to see just how good or bad man is. But before we start, I'd like to whisper, so as not to spoil a good argument, "Let's cast out the moles first."

Man was created in the image of God. But whoa! Who said so? Usually most people don't get past the first part,—"Man was created—" So the Bible says we are all images of God. How can I put my faith in that when I believe most of the Bible is allegory and poetry anyhow? How can I fit that into my way of thinking when I feel that the Bible's pure idealism? No, you are not the only skeptic—youth often doubts.

When I think of this phrase, the words of this hymn come into my mind:

"Have Thine own way, Lord, have Thine own way;
Thou art the Potter, I am the clay;
Mold me and make me after Thy will."

Did God take me from the good earth and deliberately make me this way, with my foibles and fancies? Is this His image? I'd rather think of the clay in the hands of the Great Potter as pliable, flexible stuff, shot through here and there with a few grains of free will. I'm not the image of God as I am, oh no, but the potential image of God.

I start out as a mere babe, but before I'm six, most of my

habit tendencies are formed. The kids down the street are influencing my life, but I couldn't keep up with their mad scrambles if it weren't for the strength given to me by my parents. I'm not the Sunday school's angel, for I can't always be good. This image of God wavers in some of her walks of life. But I keep growing, and a helpful environment, plus a good heritage, plus a spark of the Infinite, keeps me driving toward the goal to be reached—the image of God. Right now, it's a potentiality. Only perfect fellowship between man and God is found in eternity, where man as an image of God becomes "at one" with Him.

But let's start over again. I may have a poor heritage given me by my parents. It discourages me. Or I may have a friend who is a "bad apple." The odds are against me. One thing leads to another. Once I had a choice to make, but the path I chose has led me to a place where there is no other outlet. I'm broken and cynical. I'm a potential image of the devil. See? I'm not there yet, but I'm growing! This time, it's the opposite way.

We're all these potential images. We help each other, for in more than one there is considerable added strength. One need merely glance at the multitude of names of organizations formed to help society. We must bow on our knees to the great work done by missions abroad. Organized scientific research has made great strides in bettering mankind. But I ask you, Skeptic, where would all this be if within the heart of one man there hadn't been a Light or a Voice? Babies and children wouldn't be as safe today if Pasteur had not the burning conviction within him that they could be saved from the death of certain bacteria.

We're trying to reconstruct man. First of all, we've got to go inside him. O. K., let's wake up and change our vocabulary. Let's be positive. Let's look at the good in him, capitalize on his potentialities and encourage him to achieve higher goals. Let's not look back—no Lot's wives. Let's look ahead and grow into an eternal image of God.

Self-Reliance

"Alas! How many college people have ceased to be seekers of truth! They have become mere holders of opinions. They borrow a one-sided view from a biased paper. They absorb the prejudiced talk of their set. They learn about the thought of the masses through the embittered judgment of critics. They see everything from the angle of their class or profession. They read the books with which they agree. They live on the untested ideas of others.

"But let it not be so with you.

"With a mind disciplined to live up the facts, make it your business to condemn no man on the evidence of his enemies. Go back to the man yourself. Read his thoughts, earnestly desiring to get his point. Try to look at things as they would appear if you stood in his place.

"No man is wrong by sheer perversity. He is wrong because he thinks he is right. Learn to find the partial truth which men hold mingled with their fallacies, that you may fulfill and not destroy.

"Thus you may become more than a critic. You may become an interpreter of the life of your time. To embrace with your sympathy and understanding the

thoughts of all sorts and conditions of men—this should be your ambition and service."

—Dean Robert R. Wicks in the U.C.L.A. Bruin

No Coupon Needed

We don't need coupons for kindness; that's a joy we can share with all. And we don't need coupons for happiness; that's something each one can install.

We don't need coupons for courage—and it's a marvelous material for wear; it's rich and lovely and shining, and it never gets threadbare.

We don't need coupons for mercy, and prayers are unrationed and free; and it's all these things that will help our heart to meet any contingency.

We don't need coupons for laughter, and we don't need coupons for fun; we don't need coupons for neighborliness, nor so many things under God's sun.

We don't need coupons for sympathy, and that's something everyone needs; and we don't need coupons for honesty, nor for straightforward deeds.

We don't need coupons for love and belief, and so, if our hearts are wise, we'll use our coupons for plain existence, while life's couponless things we prize.

—Author Unknown

For Goodness Sakes

For goodness sakes—writes a chaplain—teach the younger group at home why they are what they are, so that when they reach sixteen or seventeen they will have reasons for their beliefs and actions.

"You would be surprised," the minister to service men tells readers of *Christian Union Herald*, "to know how many of the younger men are questioning the value, the authority, of their long accepted standards—standards which they were told were right and which, because they were told by people who did not give reasons, are now falling when some individual or group questions the foundations. When that occurs, the young people themselves cannot defend their stand."

In the experience of this and other chaplains, the man in doubt sometimes comes to the minister or priest looking for the reasons that the parent or pastor or teacher back home failed to supply. Religious and moral teaching has often proceeded without seeking out the facts that support high principles. The issues of continence, courtship and mating are of course involved, and also frequently questioned is the teaching of home and church concerning alcoholic indulgence.

—From *Allied Youth*

Bargain Counter Philosophies

(Continued from page 17)

mocracy to think of the scientific attitude as something confined to laboratories, experts, and complex testing instruments. The method of science begins with a problem, and the scientific attitude may be applied to the solution of any problem we may discover in our personal or social experience. An inquiry conducted in the scientific spirit begins with the problem's statement, searches for relevant evidence, considers the implications of the evidence, formulates possible solutions, and tests these solutions experimentally until a workable one is found. The scientific attitude applied to the problems of our common life depends on a social atmosphere in which the facts are freely communicated, free discussion is encouraged, and in which new social ways are deliberately sought when old ways fail. John Dewey, probably the foremost figure in twentieth century philosophy, calls it "the sole dependable means of disclosing the realities of existence, the sole authentic mode of revelation" for the modern man (and a man is not modern simply because he lives in 1944).

We may distinguish many attempts to meet our common problems in a scientific spirit—in a cooperative and reasonable way. The New England Town Meeting was an early example. It has its modern counterparts in the Town Meeting of the Air, the University of Chicago Round Table, and the Northwestern University Reviewing Stand. After its organization in 1937 the Institute for Propaganda Analysis and hundreds of high schools, colleges, and churches which worked with it performed a notable service for democracy in studying and classifying the propaganda used to mold opinion on vital and controversial issues. In the area of consumer problems organizations such as Consumer's Union have substituted controlled testing for the persuasive claims of advertising. Films such as *The Land* and plays such as *One Third of a Nation* have provided realistic bases for discussion of social problems. Periodicals such as *Survey Graphic*, *The Nation*, and *The New Republic* have used a reflective approach in the discussion of social, economic, and political ills. The American Civil Liberties Union has fought vigorously for the essential basis of democracy. The Bretton Woods Monetary Conference dealt dispassionately with some of the most important economic issues of the postwar era. UNNRA has attempted

to deal in a similar way with problems of relief and reconstruction.

There are certain common features of science and democracy which make it essential that they grow together. They have a common faith in human intelligence and the possibilities of cooperative effort. Both insist upon the widest free inquiry and expression. Both settle differences without external force through appeal to man's common rational nature. The source of knowledge for both is shared experience, experimentally and publicly tested. These are ideals, of course; both the spirit of science and the faith of democracy are involved in the attempt toward their realization.

In these desperate days when knowledge seems only to accentuate our powerlessness to control the most vital aspects of our common life, the charge is often made that intelligence has failed, indeed that the inquiring spirit of the Renaissance is at the very root of our troubles. The answer, of course, is that faith in intelligence is justified because it has succeeded in precisely those limited areas where it has been tried. A magnificent illustration is the TVA, a pioneering social experiment which has enriched the lives of the people in an entire region. Intelligence is not responsible for today's chaos save in the negative sense that we have not yet been able to try it on a really broad and comprehensive scale. The only alternative to a continued search to bring this spirit into a larger play in human affairs is a pessimistic retreat to one ancient faith or another. This will mean, as it has always, the triumph of ignorance, of superstition, and of coercion. Science and democracy must go forward together or not at all.

Democracy is not a bargain-counter faith, and if it is to be realized we must do more than read the right magazines and participate in Sunday evening discussion groups. We must certainly enlarge our understanding of events and we must find a program of common action. *The New Republic* as part of its supplement on a Congress to win the war and the peace suggested such a program. It might be a place for a possible beginning. If we are to avoid the frustration of knowledge which cannot be applied, we must act where we can be effective. If we act, no matter how slight the effect may seem, we keep alive our faith. We join the gallant men and women who are struggling for a better world.

Thomas Jefferson, in the last letter he wrote, summarized the essential spirit and meaning of the scientific spirit and the democratic faith. Commenting on the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence he said: "May it be to the world, what I believe it will be (to some

parts sooner, to others later, but finally to all), the signal of arousing men to burst the chains under which monkish ignorance and superstition had persuaded them to bind themselves, and to assume the blessings and security of self-government. That form we have substituted, restores the free right to the unbounded exercise of reason and freedom of opinion. All eyes are opened, and opening, to the rights of man. The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth, that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few bootied and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God."

The arguments of those who would present us with a ready-made faith can be met again and again. They will never cease to have appeal and they will never be really answered until we do realize the hope of that declaration which began our nation. A philosophy is finally a way of life. The Christian ethic might be interpreted as a faith in democracy—a belief in the intrinsic worth of every individual. The habit of liberal thought and action motivated by an idealism which could best be called religious might bring to fruition the hopes expressed by Jefferson. It might be the great mission of an undogmatic, a socially oriented Church to unite the intelligence of our communities as a great moral force for the cause of peace, of justice, and of human happiness on this good earth.

TOWARD A SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY: A LIST OF USEFUL BOOKS

Max Otto: *The Human Enterprise*
Irwin Edman: *Four Ways of Philosophy*
Bertrand Russell: *The Scientific Outlook*
John Dewey: *The Quest for Certainty*
George Santayana: *Reason in Religion*
John Herman Randall, Jr.: *The Making of the Modern Mind*

Recipe of the Year

Take one draftee, slightly green. Stir from bed at an early hour. Soak in shower or tub daily. Dress in olive drab. Mix with others of his kind. Toughen with maneuvers. Grate on sergeant's nerves. Add liberal portion of baked beans and corned beef. Season with wind, rain, sun, and snow. Sweeten from time to time with chocolate bars. Let smoke occasionally. Bake in 110 degrees summer, and let cool in below zero winter. Serves 130,000,000 people.

—The Rotary Fellow, Brooklyn, N. Y.

motive

STUDENT EDITORIAL BOARD



First row

Jeanne Ackley. Ohio State University. Senior. Sociology major. Vice-president of Wesley Foundation. Likes drama, profound discussion.

Mary Faye Amster. University of Arizona. Junior. Pre-medic. Interested in racial problems.

Janice Appelt. Cornell College. Sociology major. President of the Associated Women Students. Member of Mortar Board, International Relations Club, Women's Christian Fellowship, and MYF Advisory Council.

Billie Jeanne Bailey. Union College. Sophomore. Interests are music, drama, and journalism.

Second row

E. Ann Berkhimer. Pennsylvania State College. Sophomore. Chemistry major. Chairman of Worship Commission of Wesley Foundation. Member of Pennsylvania State Christian Association. Member orchestra and band.

Mildred Boettner. Central College. Senior. Biology and music majors. Vice-president of Central Christian Association. Vice-president of Student Body, and Chairman of Social Committee.

Marjorie Boyd. West Virginia University. Sophomore. Member of YWCA, Wesley Foundation, Methodist Girls Club.

Leslie Brockelbank. University of Oregon. Sociology major. President of Oregon Student Movement. Active in Wesley Foundation.

Third row

Robert H. Bryant. William and Mary College. Pre-theologue. Active in Student Christian work.

Margaret Bushnell. University of Minnesota. Junior. Secretary-Treasurer of Minnesota Methodist Student Movement. Student Representative on Northern Minnesota Conference Board of Education.

N. Lee Cate. Southern Methodist University. Theologue. Representative of School of Religion in Student Council. Assistant Director of Christian Education in local church.

Betty Chandler. Montana State University. Senior. Sociology major. Has been president of a cooperative living group, and Wesley Foundation.

Fourth row

Dorothy Cochran. Kansas State College. Junior. Journalism major. Vice-president of Wesley Foundation. Editor of *Y-Wag* for YWCA. President of Independent Women. Co-chairman of Independent Student Party.

Wilma Comstock. University of Nebraska. Senior. Recreation Chairman of Nebraska Conference MYF. President of Kansas-Nebraska MSM.

Madeline Cooley. North Dakota State University. Sophomore. President of All Campus Religious Council. Likes dramatics and journalism.

Alva I. Cox, Jr. Baldwin Wallace College. Senior. Pre-theologue. President of Northeast Ohio Conference MYF. Vice-president Ohio MSM.

Fifth row

Robert Dillon. Searritt College. Graduate student. Religious Education major. Vice-president of student body. Works with Public Relations Department of the Methodist Board of Education.

Jean Evans. West Virginia Wesleyan College. Member of Youth Fellowship. Active in dramatics.

Ann Fitzpatrick. Georgia State College for Women. Senior. Sociology major. President of Wesley Foundation. Member of YWCA cabinet. President of Coordinated Council of Religious Activities.

Frances Freeman. University of Idaho. Senior. Sociology major. Active in Wesley Foundation, choir, debate, and athletics. Member of Phi Beta Kappa and Mortar Board.

Sixth row

Merrill E. Graves. University of South Dakota. Sociology major. Student minister. Active in Wesley Foundation, band, and debate.

Reese Griffin. Emory University. Senior. President of Georgia Methodist Student Conference. President of Emory Christian Association.

R. Harold Hipps. High Point College. Pre-theologue. President of North Carolina Conference of Methodist Student Movement. President of Christian Student Movement on campus.

Marian Hoppe. Iowa State College. Publicity Chairman of Red Cross. Chairman of YWCA Service Commission. Women's Student Health Council.

Seventh row

Doris Irvine. DePauw University. Junior. Copy Editor of *The DePauw*. Member of A.W.G. Board. Member of YWCA, and of Girl Scouts.

Lillian Jackson. Western Maryland College. Senior. Has been vice-president of SCA, chairman of Big Sister-Little Sister Movement, and editor of *The Gold Bug*. Member of choir and glee club.

Dean M. Kelley. Denver University. Pre-theologue. English major. Manager of Deputations for Methodist Student Foundation.

James E. Kelley. University of Wyoming. Student Manager of Funds. Reporter for local newspaper. Active in Wesley Foundation.

Thora Kelly. Bennett College. Vice-president of North Carolina Methodist Student Conference. Member of YWCA.

Others not pictured

B. E. Locklair, Jr. Wofford College. Pre-theologue. President of South Carolina Methodist Student Movement.

Joe Dane Owen. Oklahoma A and M College. Sophomore. Electrical engineering major. Active in debate and radio work.

William Edmund Rion. University of Florida. Senior. Chairman of University of Florida Youth Conference. President Florida MSM.

First row

Dorothy Kirkley. Senior. Sociology major. Member of Wesley Foundation. President of YWCA. Member of Senior Order, Honor System Committee, and Sociology Club. Secretary of South Carolina MSM.

Paul Kolthoff. Purdue University. Senior. Mechanical engineering major. Vice-president of Wesley Foundation. Cell member.

Albert Lanier. Georgia Tech. Sophomore. Architecture major. Member of YMCA Cabinet, Inter-Collegiate Council, Debating society.

Margaret Lilly. University of Georgia. Senior. President of Wesley Foundation. Member of Mortar Board. National Board of Evangelism.

Second row

Sylvia Lushbaugh. University of Wisconsin. Junior. Sociology major. Active in Wesley Foundation. President of State MSM.

Lois Marsh. Northwestern University. Junior. Journalism major. Member of Shi Ai and Tri Kappa, honorary sororities.

Marjorie Martin. Simpson College. Senior. President of Student Fellowship. Vice-president of YWCA. Editor of the *Simpsonian*.

Betty Mellor. Illinois Wesleyan University. Senior. Sociology major. Member of International Relations Club, university symphony orchestra, Student Union, and the Campus Council.

Third row

Eloise Morris. Greensboro College. Senior. President of Religious Education Club, and YWCA. Chairman of Recreation of Upper South Carolina Conference MYF.

Julia Mowrer. Oberlin College. Junior. Pre-medic, with psychiatry as the goal. Has been a member of YWCA Cabinet, and of the House Council.

Marillee Ortmayer. Mount Union College. Sophomore. Devotional Leader and Council member of YWCA. Member of a *cappella* choir, and of the International Relations Club.

William Pyles, Jr. Central State Teachers College. Freshman. Interests are drama, music, and sports.

Fourth row

K. B. Rhodes. Randolph-Macon College. Senior. Chemistry major. President of Student Government. Secretary of Interdenominational Youth Fellowship. Member of YMCA.

Velma Rickenback. Dakota Wesleyan University. Senior. Philosophy major. Member of International Relations Club.

Alma E. Rowe. Massachusetts State College. Senior. Economics major. Associate Editor of the *Collegian*. Member of Wesley Foundation.

Annette Rumph. Wesleyan College. Senior. Chairman of social services off the campus for YWCA. Active in journalism and dramatics.

Fifth row

Kenneth Schug. Stanford University. Chemistry major. Active in Young People's church work, and in YMCA.

Julius Scott. Wiley College. Senior. Religious education and sociology majors. President of Texas Conference MYF. National Conference MYF. Central Jurisdictional Board of Evangelism.

Jean Seibert. Alabama College. Home economics and science majors. Member of Wesley Foundation, YWCA, Glee Club, and recreation program.

Pedro (Pete) Smith. University of Virginia. Has graduated with B.S., and is a Research Assistant on the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics.

Sixth row

Stella Spears. Oregon State College. Member of Mortar Board, and of Wesley Foundation. Vice-president of Oregon MSM.

Mary Frances Stubblefield. Texas State College for Women. Junior. Biology major. President of Texas Student Movement.

Betty J. Stuntz. Smith College. Daughter of a missionary to India. Active in Student Christian work.

Ted Sturm. Allegheny College. Sophomore. Pre-theologue. President of Allegheny Christian Council. Chairman of Methodist Student Fellowship.

Seventh row

Ben Alice Taylor. Sam Houston State Teachers College. Senior. President of Student Council. Secretary of YWCA Cabinet.

William E. Thompson. Clark College. Junior. Member of Social and Religious Committee, of Student Council, YMCA, and NAACP.

Patricia Trigg. University of Tennessee. Senior. Business administration major. President of Mortar Board. Vice-president of YWCA.

Floye VanLandingham. University of Alabama. Sophomore. Speech major. Hobby is dramatics. Also likes singing and journalism.

Betty Waidelich. Hamline University. Psychology and business administration majors. Worship Chairman for Christian Fellowship.

Wanda Woosley. Brevard College. Sophomore. Business administration major. Member *Clarion* staff. Member International Relations Club.

Others not pictured

Coy Wynn. Duke University. Theologue. Editor of *Christian Horizons*, student quarterly. Has M.A. in Journalism from L. S. U.

Mary Ann Truitt. Puget Sound College. President of Pacific Northwest Conference Student group. Interested in sports, and plays the violin.

Norma A. Greene. Albion College. Junior. Religion and sociology majors. President of Wesley Fellowship. Area Chairman for Michigan in YWCA. State Treasurer for Methodist Student Movement.



A Little Lower Than the Angels

(Continued from page 20)

ence. . . . But I was spared the sacrifice. The piano with pedal attachment . . . had allowed me to keep up my skill on the organ. . . . For the renunciation of my teaching activities in Strassburg University I found compensation in opportunities of lecturing in very many others. And, if I did for a time lose my financial independence, I was able now to win it again by means of organ and pen."

Early in 1924, he again was ready to depart for Africa—alone this time. His wife was still in too poor health to accompany him, but he took this time two young Swiss doctors and several nurses. At Lambarene little was left of the hospital. The forest had conquered the clearing; the white ants had destroyed the buildings.

Schweitzer rolled up his sleeves and went to work. Slowly a new hospital came into being, far more adequate than the first. Because the new venture was more adequately staffed, the doctor had more time for his literary work. Several books on his work in Africa appeared; at last came a volume which he had been planning to write for many years, *The Mysticism of Paul the Apostle*.

Until the outbreak of war in 1939, Schweitzer alternated between years in Africa and years in Europe. Much of the money for the hospital was raised by his organ recitals all over the continent. Since the war has broken out, he is forced to remain in Africa, and all the former

sources of support have been cut off; but friends in America have stepped into the breach, and his work continues.

By any standards, Albert Schweitzer is one of the most remarkable men of recent times. His intellectual achievements have won for him the recognition of the world. Intellectually he is a veritable giant; as an artist he ranks with the very greatest. But Albert Schweitzer is more than this; he is a symbol of the best that there is in contemporary life. He is a living witness to the truth of the Psalmist's song:

"Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,
And hast crowned him with glory and honour." (Ps. 8.)

He has combined in his life two elements not always found together. He has been fearless in the application of intelligence to religion, and, at the same time, utterly devoted, in his living, to his religious philosophy. That philosophy can be summed up in the phrase "reverence for life." Reverence for life, he holds, is the basis of ethics, the secret of how we should live upon earth. We cannot know the answers to many of our questions about the universe, the meaning of life, the nature of God. But we can practice ethics in the world even though we do not understand the ultimate nature of the world. In following the affirmation of "reverence for life," one finds "a firm footing and a clear path to follow" through the maze of life.

Being a realist, Schweitzer knows that there is struggle in life. "In a thousand ways my existence stands in conflict with

that of others," he writes. "The necessity to destroy and injure life is imposed upon me. If I walk along an unfrequented path, my foot brings destruction and pain upon the tiny creatures which populate it."

But, we must not take such destruction of life for granted and become hardened to it, for all destruction of life is evil. "Beyond the unavoidable I must never go, not even with what seems insignificant. The farmer who has mown a thousand flowers in his meadow to feed his cows must be careful on his way home not to strike off in thoughtless pastime the head of a single flower by the roadside, for he thereby commits a wrong against life without the pressure of necessity."

To him who reverences life, there can be no peace. "It will not allow the learned man to live only for his learning, even if his learning makes him very useful, for the artist to live only for his art, even if by means of it he gives something to many. It does not allow the very busy man to think that with his professional activities he has fulfilled every demand upon him. It demands from all a portion of their life for their fellows."

Albert Schweitzer of Africa, citizen of the world, servant of man, before you we stand condemned for our shallowness and our selfishness, and most of all because of the lack of dynamic power in our ideals and convictions.

And we salute you, as an artist who has thrilled the world with your music; as a scholar who has advanced the cause of human knowledge; but most of all as a man who, by the sacrificial quality of your living, stands as a symbol of all that is finest in human life.

New Staff Member



Frederick Cloud

We are happy to announce the appointment of Frederick Cloud as assistant to the editor. An Arkansan by birth, Fred was the salutatorian of his high school graduating class at the tender age of fourteen. He went to Hendrix College for two years and then came to Vanderbilt University where he received his Bachelor's Degree in June. He is now a student in the Vanderbilt School of Religion. He has had a wide experience in working his way through college. He assures us that the diversity of his jobs is not to be confused with versatility. But we think that anyone who has been newspaper carrier, shoe salesman, office boy, typist in a law office, editor of the Daily Legal News in a law office, receptionist for the British Admiralty Delegation in Washington, night clerk in a hotel, secretary for the professor of classics and for the registrar at Vanderbilt—and is still just nineteen, is either precocious or versatile or perhaps both. His extra-curricular activities have included dramatics, debating, public speaking, editorship of a school literary magazine and assistant editor of the school paper. He was elected to Eta Sigma Phi at Vanderbilt. His concern for religion has given him positions in the district work of the Methodist Youth Fellowship as well as jobs in the local Wesley Foundation in Nashville.

Henry Koestline who served in this work for the last two years is now on the staff of the *Christian Advocate* in Chicago. Henry will also take work at Garrett during the regular school year.

Contributors

Now that the warm "sun that brings seed time and harvest" has returned and brought seed time and harvest, we are back on the job again. We have explored the west this summer, from the Seabeck Y Conference on Puget Sound to the Big Bear Student Conference in Southern California. In between we have stopped to talk to students at the University of Washington, the College of Puget Sound, Willamette, Corvallis, Eugene, and points south! There is more than wishful thinking to the wish for peace among students, and more than mere desire to get home to the yearnings of the men and women in all branches of service. These are students looking for the new day—and planning for it. When we first saw Oscar Cesare's drawing in the *New York Times Magazine*, we made up our mind that it belonged to the number on Man. Mr. Cesare has kindly allowed us to use it and we are deeply grateful. . . . We are likewise indebted to the Blue Network for the cut on our new announcement page. It appeared in our favorite periodical, *The New Yorker*. . . . **Herman Beimefroh**'s article was given as the Sunday morning address at the Big Bear Student Conference in Southern California. . . . We first met **Professor Tsanoff** during Religious Emphasis Week at Southern Methodist University. He made a deep impression on the students—and on us, and we knew that sooner or later we would be calling on him for an article. That time has come! . . . **Mrs. Thomas Kelly** has been kind enough to give us one of her husband's original manuscripts. We have read it many times, and each time we appreciate it more. We asked **Canby Jones** who had the manuscript to write the statement about **Thomas Kelly**. We are proud to present this paper which was first given as an address. . . . We are happy to publish the little blurb by **Gerald Heard** about **Allan Hunter**. We share his opinion of Mr. Hunter, and we hasten to recommend both Mr. Heard's *Preface to Prayer* and Mr. Hunter's new book. . . . At least four conferences and seminars this summer seemed to us so important that they ought not to have been missed. **Donald Knoke** who is in the Civilian Public Service Camp at Gatlinburg was recommended by **Mrs. Mildred Loomis** to "cover" the Oberlin Seminar conducted by Ralph Borsodi. After reading Mr. Knoke's account we wish more than ever that we could have been there. . . . **George New** sent us the outline and bibliography of his course on *Constructing a Philosophy of Life* and it was so good we couldn't resist asking him to put the heart of it into an article for us. Characteristic of this long-time friend of the magazine he was good enough to do it. . . . When we first thought about this number we wanted to have in it the story of a man who had found himself and his place in the universe. We thought at once of **Albert Schweitzer** but we didn't see how we were to get an authentic story about him. Our search led us to **Professor Everett Skillings** who has been American resource person back of Dr. Schweitzer's work and we wrote to him. The article by **Arthur Foote** was his response. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Skillings for the picture of Dr. Schweitzer and his hospital. . . . **Sheridan Bell** is one of the "original" friends of *motive*. We think his letter to his children is a little classic. . . . Last summer we found **Belle Cumming Kennedy** resting from her labors at writing a practical book for speakers (to be had from Samuel French in New York—and very much worthwhile) to take time out from her work as head of the speech department of the Pasadena Playhouse to compile the **Chap-Book**, the first installment of which we are privileged to print this month. Of all the books of this type for soldiers, we are sure this one will take its place both for the delightful way in which Miss Kennedy has grouped the selections and also for the excellence of the selections themselves. . . . **Professor Kepler**, we announce with great delight, is writing for us a **Credo**—the foundation beliefs of a Christian. The first installment this month is of the stuff that needs reading and study. We are enthusiastic over the value of what Dr. Kepler has done. This is to answer a need which has been felt keenly by students. . . . We still feel that there is much fuzzy thinking on the subject of religion and science. We are presenting these papers of **Professor Frings** with some degree of satisfaction! . . . The W.S.S.F. is well known. But we feel that **Dale and Isabel Brown**'s prodding will awaken us anew to needs that must be met. . . . Next month we shall talk about our department editors—past and present. . . . **Skeptic** has been one of the live spots of the magazine. We know that students read a column of this sort in the way that it is intended. But we felt that we ought to share some of the reactions. So we sent **Skeptic**'s provoking material to three of our readers, and they responded almost immediately. We think their reactions are excellent—and they represent the kind of thinking that makes **Skeptic** worth while in a magazine of this sort. We expect to continue this idea. . . . Our new student editorial board speaks for itself. We hope that you will learn more of them personally through the year. . . . And now that we are launched in a new "volume," we want to record our satisfaction in the selection of *motive*'s good friend, **Dr. H. W. McPherson** as Executive Secretary of the Board of Education for the next four years. We hope that this magazine child of the last four years will continue to grow up and be less a nuisance. We regretted **Bishop Oxnam**'s leaving the chairmanship of our division of the Board and his loss to us. He has been our staunch and understanding friend in these formative years. . . . We are glad to announce that the new vice-president of the Board over our department is **Bishop James Baker** of California. To students we need say nothing more! With **Bishop Flint** as president and the "over-seer" of the Board, we ought to be heading toward a "time for greatness."

The Shape of Things to Come

Our second number on building the new world will be directed toward the place where we live—the home. Our guide and mentor will be Mrs. Regina Westcott Wieman of the University of Chicago. Her suggestions and her concern for the quality of the material we are collecting have been a spur to make this one of the remembered numbers. We shall have articles by such well-known authorities as Mrs. Katherine Taylor of Seattle, Dr. Olive Card of the University of Denver and Mrs. Wieman. We shall look at the architectural features of the home of the future with Lynn Westcott of Milwaukee. Dr. Harold Bowman of the Presbyterian church that serves the University of Chicago is writing for us from the point of view of a counselor on marriage and the home.

We are to have two symposiums. One will be by men and women in service on the kind of a home they want to create. Another will be by recently married students who are giving us some advice now that they are married.

We have several other feature articles—material from China, and we are continuing several of the articles begun in this number. Altogether November seems to us a big month.

In this new beginning we wish to give credit where credit is due. To Miss Selene McCall who is responsible for the good lay-out in the *Highroad* we are indebted for many suggestions when we did not know the way out. To Wyatt Jones who is responsible for *Workshop* and who is now full time on the *Highroad* staff we owe more than we can say in these lines for help of all sorts. This is our thanks.

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